HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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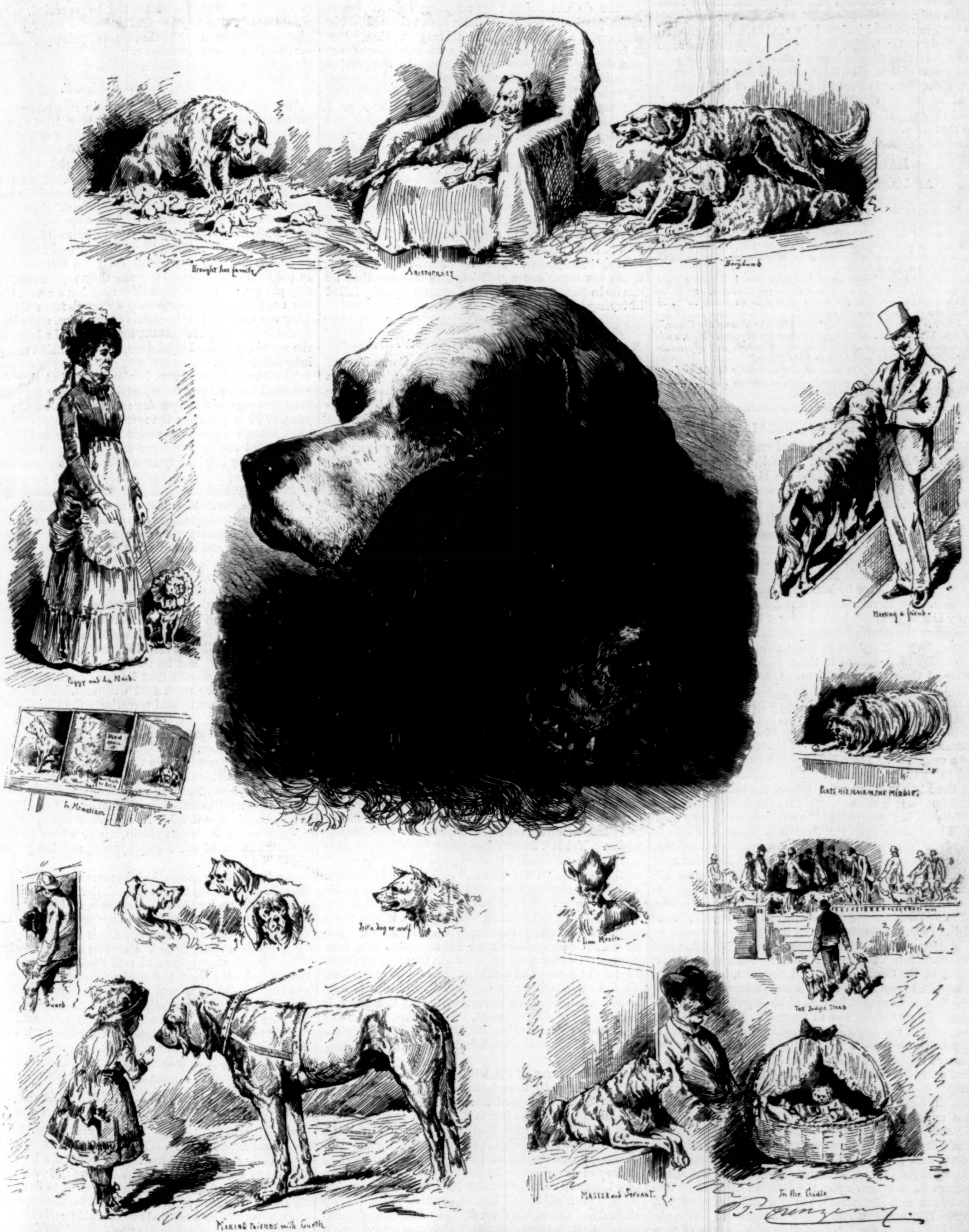


Brought her family
Aristocracy
Boarhound
Puggy and his Maid.
Meeting a friend.
In Memoriam
Died April 17
Parts his hair in the middle.
Guard
Is it a dog or wolf
From Mexico.
The Judges' Stand
Making friends with Garth
Master and Servant.
In the Cradle
P. Frenzeny

SKETCHES AT THE DOG SHOW.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 263.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, April 29, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 130, published April 25, has for its front page a striking picture illustrating Chapter IV. of Mr. James Otis's *popular serial story, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother." There is a short story, admirably illustrated, by* Mr. Frank R. Stockton, *entitled "Wanted, a Live Rattlesnake," and one by* Mr. David Ker, *entitled "Chased by a Shark."*

Under the head "Chats about Philately" Mr. J. J. Casey *gives an interesting account of the Dutch Colony of Surinam, and* Mrs. John Lillie *continues her series of articles on music in "The Orchestra of Yesterday and To-day."*

There is an article describing "How Jumbo Crossed the Ocean," by Mr. William L. Alden, *written in his humorous style, and accompanied by a page of illustrations. The boys will appreciate the article on "Tops, and How to Spin Them."*

The illustrations of this number are unusually bright and attractive. Among them is one entitled "The Dunces' Bench," which is especially characteristic and amusing.

SIGNS OF THE POLITICAL TIMES.

THERE is a system of political organization in the city of New York called Republican associations. Members of such associations are alone permitted to vote at the Republican primary meetings, and of the 80,000 Republican voters of the city, there may be 7000 or 8000 who are enrolled as members. The associations are generally officered by place-holders or place-seekers. Membership depends upon the favorable report of a committee, and upon a pledge to vote for any regularly nominated candidate, however much of a knave he may be, or by whatever corruption his nomination may have been procured. The result naturally is that the associations do not in the least degree represent the intelligence and character of the Republican party. They are in effect political clubs which are designed to secure to those who "run" them the price of their Republicanism. One of these associations has been recently disciplining General **Tremaine**, who was an independent Republican candidate for the State Senate last autumn. The regular nomination was held by a great body of Republicans to be discreditable, and they invited General **Tremaine** to be a candidate. These Republicans pursued the course taken by the independent Republicans in Erie County at the same election, who routed the machine, horse and foot. It is the course which the independent Republicans in Pennsylvania have also taken, and which will lead to the defeat of the "boss" system, of which the New York associations as now conducted are the fruit. General **Tremaine** and General **McCook** and other sturdy Republicans, who are not "reformers," but who are self-respecting and independent men, are thus thrown with the independent Republicans into the most determined opposition to the "regular" machine Republicans.

Another of these associations, of which Mr. **Charles Blackie**, late weigher in the Custom-house, and now clerk of the Court of General Sessions, is president, has passed resolutions condemning reform, and insisting that people must be paid to be Republicans, if Republican principles are to prevail. Meanwhile Mr. **Alvord** in the Legislature contemptuously derides a proposition to make nominations express the preference of the party instead of the interest of a few political sharpers. Real questions and interests disappear. Repudiators in Virginia call themselves "Administration men." Everywhere there is a personal scramble and furious denunciation. The Democrats are **Tilden** men and Tammany men, the Republicans are Half-Breeds and Stalwarts, and the names signify personal and patronage differences. It is an epoch of personal politics. The angry discussions in the newspapers do not turn upon the differences between Republican and Democratic policies and measures, but upon this appointment and that removal. The absorbing events are the discipline of members of parties for independent action, and in this ridiculous occupation it is forgotten that parties are not machines and vehicles which can be arbitrarily controlled. When Mr. **McVeagh** says that amid such circumstances a man is a party man under great difficulties, he says only what every intelligent man feels, and his truthful remark reveals the strain of the political situation.

The remedy is not to be found in repeating the error of viewing a party as a ship to be loaded now with corn, now with lumber, and now with manure, according to the prospect of a market. There is an amusing misconception that a political party is a body which can be marched now in one direction under one banner, and now under another flag in another direction. The Democratic management has illustrated this ludicrous conceit in a series of unparalleled blunders, from the time when it selected for its Presidential candidate a Protectionist-Republican. Parties do not succeed by adopting issues. Issues make parties. The Republican is not the old Whig party with a new issue. The slavery question, when it became strong enough, broke up the Whig party and depleted the Democratic party. In the present situation the parties represent tendencies. The country trusts that which the Republicans represent, and distrusts the other. So long as "the South" is solid for the wrong tendency, making it a real peril, the country will be Republican. But the moment "the solid South" dissolves, the break up of the Democratic party will produce a political reorganization. The signs of the times in Virginia and in Georgia point to this result. It will be hastened by such performances as the disciplining of General **Tremaine**, by declarations against the reform of great abuses in the civil service and at primary meetings, and by the perversion of State and national patronage to personal and factional advantage. President **Arthur** is doubtless much too sagacious a politician to suppose that he can do in 1882 what President **Johnson** signally failed in trying to do in 1867.

THE SHIPHERD INVESTIGATION.

The Shipherd examination by the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives has been followed by the public with a very strong general feeling of incredulity, except so far as his assertions have been corroborated by documents or known facts. Mr. **Shipherd** apparently has no reason to speak well of Mr. **Blaine**, but he expressly exonerates the ex-Secretary from any mercenary complicity with the commercial speculations of which **Shipherd** was the agent. The accounts of interviews with Mr. **Blaine** and the reports of his remarks are of course strongly *ex parte*, and can not be accepted without confirmation. The investigation and the published correspondence, however, necessarily throw much light upon the spirit in which the South American question was managed by the late Secretary; and with the full knowledge of Mr. **Blaine** and of his public career which the country possesses, it is impossible not to see that his conduct of our foreign relations had a definite political purpose, although it is wholly free from any suspicion of personal pecuniary advantage, which is the stigma sought to be cast by many commentators.

Mr. **Blaine** had, and probably still has, the laudable ambition of reaching the Presidency. In the last two National Conventions he was most warmly supported by a powerful body of Republicans. He is a man of great political experience, an adroit manager, an admirable orator, a student of political history, and familiar with the course of public affairs. In the divisions of the Republican party, although he is the author of the epithet "Stalwart," as descriptive of opposition to the Southern policy of the **Hayes** Administration, he is the most conspicuous "Half-Breed" leader. Yet Mr. **Blaine** has never been able to command the confidence of the independent and "reform" section of the "Half-Breeds," and it is this distrust which has always frustrated his Presidential ambition. When he was called into the **Garfield** cabinet, although the reasons were evident, it was not a satisfactory selection to the independent section. But all that the public saw after his accession to the department was the nomination of Mr. **Chandler**, which he did not press; and although the change in the New York Collectorship was attributed to him, it is now known that, however agreeable to the Secretary, it was the act of the President. During the President's long and critical illness, Mr. **Blaine**'s daily dispatch which told the truth produced a very kindly feeling in the country.

The disclosures of the winter show that the Secretary proposed to introduce into the peaceful State Department the spirit of Young America, and, by taking advantage of the South American trouble, to assert a kind of United States protectorate over the continent, to reconstruct the **Monroe** doctrine, to snap contemptuous fingers at effete Europe, and to raise the cry of America for the Americans, depending upon the latent ill feeling toward England upon which a certain political school in this country relies. Why should not a new, striking, dazzling American demonstration, suggesting commercial advantages, and stimulating anti-English feeling, arouse an enthusiasm which, with an organization already existing, and at a time when old questions were vanishing, should please the jaded political sense of the country, and lead to results most agreeable to the manager? If there was such a vision as this in the State Department, **Shipherd**, and **Landreau** claims, and provisional governments in Peru, and every available incident and person, would be merely fish to the net. The Secretary in that case would be pursuing the picturesque and daring policy of Lord **Beaconsfield** in England. This was at least an intelligible course. It was a bold venture, accordant with Mr. **Blaine**'s temperament and ambition. To advance it he would use as many **Shipherds** as fell in his way, and if they supposed that they were using him, so much the better for his purpose. This is, we presume, the real key of the late South American policy; and if in pursuing the investigation of that policy any doubtful steps of the State Department should be revealed, they would not be due to any motive but the ardor of an ambition unrestrained by that kind of principle which commands general confidence.

THE NEW YORK POLICE.

The police force of New York is in many respects an admirable body of men. It has been tried as by fire, and its courage, its constancy, and its efficiency have been demonstrated. During the draft riots of 1863, and the excitement of the railway riots of 1876, its conduct inspired profound confidence. That the force has been sometimes politically misused by the Commissioners, from the time of "Hank" **Smith** to the present, is undeniable. But that the men themselves would greatly prefer not to be so abused is equally unquestionable. They are assessed for party expenses, yet they are prohibited from membership in political conventions, nor are they represented in any party association, that they may have a voice in the expenditure of the money extorted from them. They are exposed to other kinds of injustice, and a late Commissioner, Mr. **Erhardt**, has addressed a letter to the members of the Legislature, which contains many interesting facts.

The force of patrolmen is about 2361, but they do not receive equal pay for equal duty. Some are paid $1200 per year, or $3 29 per day; others receive $800 per year, or $2 19 per day; the men's competency, duties, risks, beats, expenses, are precisely the same, and there is no valid reason whatever for the unequal wages. The necessary official expenses of every patrolman are $335 per year; this reduces the $1200 to $865 per year, $2 37 per day, and deducted from the $800, leaves $465, or $1 28 per day. This last sum is thirty-four cents per day less than the wages of a street-sweeper, a 'longshoreman, a bricklayer, or a carpenter. Yet to be appointed patrolman a man must be under thirty years of age, of good character, of good primary education, of good figure and health. He goes on duty, patrol and reserve, at six in the morning, and remains until the next morning. Of this time, three hours are given for meals, thirteen hours to patrolling, and eight hours to reserve—that is, waiting in uniform at the station-house for any call that may be made. The next day is an "off" day. But he must appear at the police court with any arrests that he may have made the day before, and he must find witnesses. This takes certainly three hours, and sometimes the whole day. In the evening of the "off" day he goes on patrol at six o'clock, and remains until twelve, then goes to bed, to resume the "on" day's duty at six o'clock in the morning. He must live in the city; he can not leave it, even to go to Brooklyn, without special leave. He can not engage in any other business. For a false arrest he may be cast in heavy damages; for a blunder he may be dismissed. At fifty years of age he has undergone an incessant strain, under which he has lost all chance of other employment, and has grown old before his time.

Mr. **Erhardt** proposes that the members of the force shall be paid equally for the same duties, and holds that $1200 is not, under the circumstances, an extravagant salary. He suggests that the expenses of detectives in ferreting out crime and criminals should be paid by a separate fund, from the excise; that a pension fund for the superannuated and disabled should be established, also from the excise; and that political assessments should be prohibited. These propositions should be judged upon their merits. Every proposed increase of salaries in the public service should be strictly scrutinized, but whatever will reasonably promote the efficiency of the police and remove it from political manipulation deserves careful consideration.

GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

In January, 1863, the sentence of the court-martial upon General **Fitz-John Porter** was approved by President **Lincoln**. In 1878, President **Hayes**, to be more fully informed of the facts, convened a body of officers to examine the case in the light of new evidence, and to report what justice required to be done. The board reported unanimously that justice required the sentence to be annulled and set aside, and General **Porter** to be restored to his position. This decision President **Hayes** referred to Congress, which did nothing, and in response to General **Porter**'s appeal to

President ARTHUR, the question of Executive power was referred to the Attorney-General. The Attorney-General accordingly has advised the President that he has no power to review the proceedings of the court-martial and to annul the sentence. The letter of the Attorney-General is a calm and able consideration of the legal question involved, and his conclusion is fortified by strong and ample precedent. The court had perfect authority, the trial was strictly legal, judgment was regularly pronounced, and no appeal was provided for or taken. So far as the sentence involved dismissal from the army, it has been completely executed, and is an accomplished fact. So far as it involves disability, it is a continuing punishment, and may be relieved by pardon, but the pardon could not re-instate a dismissed officer. This can be done only by special authority from Congress, as the late President and his able cabinet held. The President has concurred with the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of War has notified General PORTER that compliance with his request is not within the authority of the President.

General PORTER's present remedy is to ask a pardon as relief from the continuing disability, but for re-instatement, he must await the action of Congress. To say that the country approved the verdict of the original court-martial is to use words very carelessly. Public opinion was smarting under military defeat, and gladly accepted a scapegoat. "The country" knew very little of the facts, and certainly did not weigh the evidence. It may be said, with very much more truth, that it approved the recommendation of the revisory court of 1878, for passion was then cooled, and new evidence completely satisfied Union officers as loyal and able as those composing the first court, and satisfied also the most eminent legal counsel who were not in political sympathy with General PORTER, that justice demanded a reversal of the sentence. General GRANT well represents the public in the matter. He was at first so sure of the offense of General PORTER that he is reported to have said that PORTER ought to be hung. But upon inquiry he concluded that General PORTER had been the victim of great injustice. The speech of General LOGAN in the Senate was of very little importance as against the deliberate and careful judgment of the revisory board.

Those who are still of General GRANT's old opinion that General PORTER ought to have been hung, will rejoice at the result of the appeal. But those who agree with the revisory generals and counsel, and with General GRANT's mature and well-considered judgment, and who would gladly see a prompt and fitting remedy for all injustice, while not questioning the legal validity of the Attorney-General's decision, will sincerely regret that a soldier who, as there was every reason to believe, was honorably doing his duty, should be obliged to bear for so many years an unjust imputation of the deepest dishonor, and to depend upon the caprice of party spirit to procure the removal of a stigma of the blackest treachery from his name.

THE SLATER FUND.

WE recently alluded to the plea of the trustees of the PEABODY educational fund for national aid to schools in the Southern States, to aid especially the colored citizens. The reasons of the appeal were clearly and cogently set forth. That those reasons were very forcible, and had suggested themselves to others, now appears in the announcement of the magnificent gift of Mr. JOHN F. SLATER, of Norwich, Connecticut. For some years Mr. SLATER has contemplated the step that he has now taken in appropriating one million of dollars for the education of the colored population of the Southern States.

In an excellent letter Mr. SLATER invites several conspicuous citizens from all parts of the Union to act as trustees of the fund, designating ex-President HAYES as the first chairman of the board. He leaves to their judgment the methods of applying the income of the fund to the general purpose, and if, after the lapse of thirty-three years, there should be, in the opinion of three-fourths of the trustees, no need of the fund in the form in which it is originally instituted, they may apply it to schools of the higher education in a way to befriend poor colored students.

Mr. SLATER is a son of JOHN SLATER, who with his brother SAMUEL gave the great impulse to cotton manufacturing in New England; and it is pleasant to think that the children of the race which toiled hopeless in the cotton fields will now be the beneficiaries of a fund which sprang originally from that labor.

ENGINEER MELVILLE'S SEARCH.

CHIEF-ENGINEER MELVILLE sends word that he expected to reach the delta of the Lena by the 1st of March, and all that is known of this energetic officer justifies the confidence that he will leave nothing undone which promises to aid the search for DE LONG. MELVILLE's letters are all simple and manly, and that from Yakutsk, of the 15th of January, gives the account of the loss of the *Jeannette*. For twenty months the vessel strained and struggled in the grip of the pack, and "on the morning of the 13th of June, about four o'clock, the ice opened, and the ship went down with colors flying at the masthead."

Before the *Jeannette* left San Francisco, Engineer MELVILLE believed that she was not fitted for the tremendous ordeal upon which she was setting out. From his letters to his wife it is clear that he thought the expedition to be a desperate venture; but his honor was engaged, and his chance, he thought, was as fair as anybody's. The report of the official navy examiners of the ship, which has been just published, confirms the impression of MELVILLE. The report says that the *Jeannette* had been made as fit for the voyage as she could be, but the examiners were evidently of opinion that she was essentially unequal to a wrestle with the pole.

Once caught in the arctic ice in September, there is no escape, and no hope but in the strength of the vessel, and it is now conceded that a ship should not try to winter in the pack. The story of the *Jeannette*, when we know it fully, in connection with all other experience, will probably show that for a direct assault upon the pole the first winter's camp should be upon some of the islands, and the experience of the second summer would probably settle the practicability of reaching the pole with our present resources. Meanwhile the name of MELVILLE must be added to the hardy and heroic names associated with arctic research.

MR. KWONG KI CHIU'S LETTER.

SOME of the most sensible and valuable contributions to the Chinese debate have been made by Chinese residents in this country. We alluded last week to the letter of a Chinese student at Yale, and since that letter Mr. KWONG KI CHIU, "late a member of the Chinese Educational Commission in the United States," has written to the *Herald* some novel and interesting facts about the immigration.

The fear of a great influx of Chinese the ex-Commissioner holds to be unfounded. With the exception of a few persons attached to the legation, the whole of the emigration from China has come from the single province of Quang-Tong, or Canton. In that region the emigration is practically exhausted, and it is not likely to extend to other provinces, because those only come who have friends here already. The poorest and lowest classes do not come, for the expense, which is at least $80 or $90, is too great, and the immigrants are mostly farm hands and other laborers. As an illustration of the narrowness of the field of emigration, Mr. KWONG KI CHIU mentions that the mass of Chinese in this country have been drawn only from twelve districts out of the seventy-eight in the province of Quang-Tong.

Moreover, the inducements for immigration are disappearing. Gold-mining, which was the attractive work, now requires capital. Facts such as the ex-Commissioner states explain why the increase of the Chinese population in this country has been less than 12,000 during the last ten years. If a thousand immigrants come in the spring, a thousand return in the autumn. Mr. KWONG KI CHIU smiles at the assertion that eight steamers and nine sailing vessels laden with coolies are on the way to California. To charter such a number of vessels, arrangements must have been made long in advance, and for some special reason. But the agitation of the exclusion bill could not have been known in time to produce such a result. When this fleet arrives upon the Pacific coast, it will be time to consider whether the Mongolian invasion has begun.

THE SONNETS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

A VOLUME has just been published by ROBERTS BROTHERS, in Boston, which is unparalleled in literature. It is a collection of sonnets by A. BRONSON ALCOTT, who is now eighty-two years old, and all of which have been written since last September. The volume is called *Sonnets and Canzonets*, and we know not where to look for another illustration of such sustained and melodious vigor in a man beyond fourscore. There is a mellowness and sweetness of feeling in these verses, a kindly appreciation of friends and friendships, which is very beautiful.

The sonnets are poems to persons whose names are not mentioned, but the internal evidence identifies fourteen as addressed to the poet's wife, three to EMERSON, two to THOREAU, and one each to the son and two nephews of Dr. CHANNING, one each to HAWTHORNE, MARGARET FULLER, WENDELL PHILLIPS, THEODORE PARKER, GARRISON, JOHN BROWN, Dr. BARTOL, Dr. FURNESS, and F. B. SANBORN, Mr. ALCOTT's neighbor and friend, who prefaces the neat volume with a letter to Mr. ALCOTT, and a very pleasant and interesting essay upon that fascinating theme "The Sonnet," which is graced with some very rare and beautiful illustrations of that form of poem.

During his long career there has been a storm of censure beating upon WENDELL PHILLIPS, the orator of the greatest of causes, and now turned of threescore and ten. It is, however, hardly doubtful that this sonnet of Mr. ALCOTT's foretells the verdict of history:

> "People's Attorney, servant of the Right!
> Pleader for all shades of the solar ray,
> Complexions dusky, yellow, red, or white;
> Who, in thy country's and thy time's despite,
> Hast only questioned, What will Duty say?
> And followed swiftly in her narrow way:
> Tipped is thy tongue with golden eloquence;
> All honeyed accents fall from off thy lips;
> Each eager listener his full measure sips,
> Yet runs to waste the sparkling opulence—
> The scorn of bigots, and the worldling's flout.
> If Time long held thy merit in suspense,
> Hastening repentant now, with pen devout,
> Impartial History dare not leave thee out."

PERSONAL.

MRS. S. N. SALOMON, who died on the 17th inst., was widely known among the Roman Catholics of New York for superior intellectual accomplishments, refined and charming manners, and especially for a life-long devotion to the charitable work of the Church, in which she bore a conspicuous and influential part. Probably no lady in New York was better known or more highly esteemed for her efforts in that direction than MRS. SALOMON. She was the mother of the Rev. H. C. MACDOWAL, the estimable and beloved pastor of St. Agnes's Church, which was organized through his efforts, and is now one of the largest and most successful parishes in the city. The late Rev. Dr. CUMMINGS, of St. Stephen's Church, of which he was founder, was her brother, and her sister is the present Superior of the Convent of the Visitation, at Washington.

—The wealthiest man in the United States Senate is Mr. FAIR, of Nevada, who is said to possess as much as all the other Senators put together. Next to him is Judge DAVIS, of Illinois. The third is probably Mr. HALE, of Maine, whose wife is the only daughter of the late Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan. Then come Senators MILLER of California, SAWYER of Wisconsin, MAHONE of Virginia, SEWELL of New Jersey, SHERMAN of Ohio, CAMERON of Pennsylvania, DAVIS of West Virginia, PLUMB of Kansas, HILL of Colorado, BROWN of Georgia, GROOME of Maryland, MCPHERSON of New Jersey, and PENDLETON of Ohio, each of whom writes his fortune with seven figures.

—Miss MARY ANNE GREENE, who died recently in Providence at the age of one hundred and three, was of the old Rhode Island family of that name to which belonged General NATHANIEL and Colonel CHRISTOPHER GREENE, who were famous in the Revolutionary war. Miss GREENE's father, JOHN, was a large landed proprietor of the old colonial days, and from his imperious manners and stately style of living was called "King JOHN."

—T. H. MCGRAW, of Poughkeepsie, who ten years ago was a student at Amherst College, has given an endowment of $50,000 for its presidency. He formed a close personal friendship with Professor SEELYE, who is now the occupant of the chair so generously endowed.

—Judge ELISHA R. POTTER, of Rhode Island, who died a few days since, was one of the notable men as well as one of the ablest jurists of that State. The Providence *Press* says that "he was pre-eminently a man of the people. He loved the plain manners and customs of every-day country life, and under no consideration would he for a moment have entertained the idea of exchanging his broad and ancestral acres and stately old mansion at Little Rest Hill for the most palatial residence which the city affords. He could easily enough endure the city during the day, but when night came he wished to be free from all its glare and noise and excitement. The quiet of his beautiful country home, where, in his large, old-fashioned library, he was entirely surrounded with his books, and fully occupied in knowing them, was to him a joy and an inspiration. Judge POTTER was a man of large and generous culture and refinement, and of great legal learning. He had a liking for the classics and polite literature, but his chief delight was in becoming perfectly familiar with the great root principles of the common law and of equity, and of being able at all times in his judicial capacity to apply those principles to the administration of justice."

—Count ZICHY, the one-armed Hungarian pianist, is about to give a series of concerts in London by invitation of the Prince of Wales. He plays in public for charitable purposes only, and during the last two years has earned and distributed $80,000 to the poor.

—JOHN G. SAXE, the poet, though infirm in health, has fortunately long been very firm in his finances. Some years ago he greatly increased his fortune by a speculation in cattle-raising in Texas with his brother PETER. "My brother JOHN," PETER said, "has made more money out of cattle in one year than he has made in writing poetry in twenty years." Many years ago, when lecturing first came into vogue, Mr. SAXE was one of the most successful of those who patrolled the country, delighting large audiences, and calmly taking their sequins.

—Princess BEATRICE, it is said, is to be married to the Earl of Fife, a handsome, clever, and unusually agreeable young man.

—Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD is sententious as well as sensible. Recently he presented to his young grandson a magnificent silver bowl bearing the inscription: "PIERRE LORILLARD the Fourth, to PIERRE LORILLARD the Sixth, March 10, 1882.

—Mr. JOHN F. SLATER, of Norwich, Connecticut, who has just given the munificent sum of $1,000,000, the income of which is to be used for the education of the colored race in the South, must feel gratified at the expressions of gratitude which come from the entire Southern press. Already there has been introduced into the Legislature at Albany a bill naming as the incorporators of the fund Ex-President HAYES, Chief Justice WAITE, Mr. WILLIAM E. DODGE, of New York, the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, President GILMAN, of the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, Mr. JOHN A. STEWART, of New York, Governor A. H. COLQUITT, of Georgia, Mr. M. K. JESUP, of New York, Mr. JAMES P. BOYCE, of Kentucky, and WILLIAM A. SLATER, the donor's son.

—The Methodist bishops are in a very sad way. Three are on the sick-list. Bishop SCOTT is in such failing condition that his death is expected. He is over eighty, almost blind, and helpless owing to paralysis. Bishop Peck is recovering from a severe and prolonged illness. Bishop BOWMAN was recently prostrated by vertigo while preaching at St. Louis, and is now suffering with chills and fever and pneumonia.

—The following distinguished Americans are over seventy years of age: THURLOW WEED, 85; RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 79; CHARLES O'CONOR, 78; DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, 77; CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JOHN G. WHITTIER, and JEFFERSON DAVIS, each 74; OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and CORNELIUS K. GARRISON, 73; JEREMIAH S. BLACK, ROBERT TOOMBS, and PHINEAS T. BARNUM, 72; WENDELL PHILLIPS, 71; JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, and HORATIO SEYMOUR, 70.

—An interesting biography of the late Justice CLIFFORD is in preparation. He spent many hours in relating reminiscences to his son, who is putting them in proper shape for publication.

—Actors in our day are not only better paid than at any other time in dramatic history, but are more thrifty, and many of them wealthy. Mr. BOOTH, notwithstanding his late financial reverses, has made another fortune, and being economical and sagacious, bids fair to be very rich. Mr. WALLACK looks carefully after his securities, and is a "warm" man in that respect. Mr. JEFFERSON was always careful and successful in the management of his finances. Besides his fine residence at Hohokus, New Jersey, he owns a large plantation on the Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, which is managed by one of his sons. Mr. FLORENCE is quite a capitalist, and has long been known in financial as well as theatrical circles as a holder of government bonds. Mr. BOUCICAULT also has respectable investments in governments and good dividend-paying stocks. JOHN MCCULLOUGH makes a great deal of money, and has become a regular investor. LOTTA, MARY ANDERSON, and MAGGIE MITCHELL are rich, as are PATTI, NILSSON, and GERSTER. Some of the stock actors, among them JOHN GILBERT, JAMES LEWIS, WILLIAM DAVIDGE, are also quite well off.

—Baron VON SCHOEFFER, the new Minister of Austria to the United States, represented Austria at the Paris Exhibition in 1865. In 1870 he was attached to the Austrian Legation at London. His abilities attracted the attention of Baron ROTHSCHILD, who was the honorary Consul-General, and who recommended the young diplomate for promotion. He was soon after appointed Minister Resident to China, Japan, and Siam. On his way to those countries he passed through the United States, stopping a short time in the principal cities on his route. While in Japan the Baron negotiated some very important commercial treaties with that country. About a year ago he was made Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt, which is a very important mission, on account of the grave questions which often arise in regard to financial and international matters. In fact, the Consul-General in that country exercises the functions of the home government; but as Egypt is only a dependency of Turkey, the highest diplomatic office that can be held there is that of Consul-General. The new Minister has been given his present position in the regular line of promotion, is a very able man, and is considered by the diplomatic corps to have had an extraordinarily rapid and successful career. He is considered admirably fitted to represent Austria and Hungary at Washington, and is expected to meet with great success in his new position.

VICTOR HUGO.

In Besançon, an ancient fortified town near the eastern boundary of France, a house which stands facing the Place St. Quentin is ornamented with a medallion bearing this inscription: "Victor Hugo, 26th of February, 1802." This house is dear to the whole French nation as the place where, eighty years ago, its great and honored poet was born.

It would have been difficult to foresee the illustrious future of Victor Hugo at his birth, for he was a miserable, decrepit little creature, more dead than alive, and his baptism was hurried lest he might die before it was administered. But this fragile babe was destined to play a remarkable part in the stormy history of France, and to live to be addressed by England's poet laureate as

> "Weird Titan, by thy wintry weight of years
> As yet unbroken, stormy voice of France!"

The life of Victor Hugo includes a complete résumé of French social and political history during the present century. A new book entitled *Victor Hugo and his Time*, by Alfred Barbou, contains a fascinating and picturesque account of this illustrious man from the time of his birth to his present tranquil life in Paris. An excellent English translation will be shortly published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in an elegantly printed volume, and also in the "Franklin Square Library." The work is illustrated with one hundred and twenty engravings, among which are many portraits of interest, and a great number from drawings by Victor Hugo himself.

The details of the poet's life are related by M. Barbou with loving minuteness.

Victor Hugo's father was a soldier of the First Empire, who rose to the rank of general. He was a man of great strength of character, of remarkable intelligence, and the author of some important military works. He married the daughter of a merchant of Nantes, and the third son of this union was the one whose illustrious career has rendered the family name immortal.

Victor's boyhood was that of a soldier's son. While still a feeble infant in long-clothes, he left Besançon with his parents, and it is a singular fact that he has never again visited his birthplace. His father received orders to take command of a garrison in the Isle of Elba. Thus it fell out, as Alexandre Dumas has remarked in his *Mémoires*, that the author of the "Ode à la Colonne" *devait commencer à vivre* in the very island where the great Napoleon *devait commencer à mourir*.

The first language, therefore, spoken by Victor was Italian—the Italian of the Isles—and the first word he was known to speak after the articulation of papa, mamma, which is common to children of every tongue, was the term *cattiva* (naughty), which he applied to his nurse.

When the young Victor was less than four years old his father was ordered to Naples, where Joseph Bonaparte had just been nominated king, and Madame Hugo, with her three young sons, took up her abode in Paris. This early home in Paris is the first place of residence of which Victor Hugo has any distinct recollection; but a goat in the court-yard, and a well overhung by a weeping-willow, around which he used to play with his youthful companions, left a vivid impression on the boyish mind. He went to school, but was treated with special consideration on account of his very delicate health. He is said to have been so low-spirited at this early age that only his mother could make him smile. Between the young Victor and his mother there existed a peculiar affection, which continued during her life. She was a woman of very remarkable character, and her influence contributed largely to the early development of her distinguished son.

After a two-years' sojourn in Paris, Madame Hugo joined her husband in Italy, and the boy Victor lived in an ancient palace built on a precipice, where, through cracks in the walls made by earthquakes, he could peep out on a magnificent landscape, and indulge in wonderful day-dreams. But a soldier's family is never at rest, and Victor's father was soon compelled to follow Joseph Bonaparte to Spain, while his family again returned to Paris.

Appreciating the advantage of airy and ample space for her boys to play, Madame Hugo sought a house with a garden. A commodious residence was soon found in the ancient garden of the Feuillantines, where young Victor passed many happy years, which have ever since been to him a dear and hallowed memory. His only companions were his mother, his two brothers, and an aged priest, who was a kind tutor, and taught the boys a good deal of Latin and a very little Greek. The poet has thus immortalized this early home:

> "Large was the garden, weird its pathways all,
> From curious eyes concealed by upreared wall;
> The flowers, like opening eyelids, peered around;
> Vermilion insects paced the stony ground;
> Mysterious buzzings filled the sultry air;
> Here a mere field, a sombre thicket there."

Madame Hugo's tenderness for her young sons did not prevent her from maintaining strict discipline and healthy and vigorous teaching, which did much toward developing manhood in her boys. Every word she uttered was listened to with respect, and every command obeyed without a murmur. Though there were many fruit-trees in the garden, the boys were forbidden to touch the fruit.

"But what if it falls?" asked Victor.

"Leave it on the ground."

"And what if it is getting rotten?"

"Let it get rotten."

And as far as the children were concerned, the fruit on the ground would lie and rot.

The owner of Madame Hugo's house was Lalande, the astronomer. He lived next door, and his garden was separated from that of the Feuillantines only by some light trellis-work. Fearing that he should be annoyed by the children, he proposed to put up a more substantial partition.

"You need not be afraid," said the mother; "my boys will not trespass upon your property. I have forbidden them."

No barrier of any kind was erected, yet neither of the three brothers was ever known to set foot upon the landlord's ground.

It was in the garden of the Feuillantines that Victor saw his godfather, General Victor de Lahorie. Implicated in a conspiracy against the Empire, a price was set upon his head, but during two years he lived in seclusion in a ruined chapel in the garden, until at length his hiding-place was discovered, and he was arrested and shot by sentence of court-martial. The appearance of his godfather, a grand and solitary figure walking about in the lonely paths of the old garden, made a lasting impression on the mind of the sensitive boy. "Child," he would say, "child, everything must yield to liberty"—a precept the poet has never forgotten.

It was in the garden of the Feuillantines that the boy Victor met Adèle Foucher, who afterward became his wife. At that time a little girl of thirteen or fourteen, she often came to play beneath the shade of the old trees, and an affection began then between the two children which lasted through life.

At a very early age Victor Hugo's dramatic genius began to show itself. At the Pension Decotte, where he was placed at school, he passed all his play-time in writing plays, which he fashioned after Molière. For the performances the tables of the great class-room were all pushed together to form a stage, and underneath these the actors dressed, crouching down in their novel greenroom until summoned to perform their parts. The most elaborate costumes were held to be indispensable, and grand crosses of every hue manufactured of paper, grand orders and collars composed of strings of marbles, grand plumes, grand accoutrements, completed the attire of monarchs, commanders-in-chief, and other conspicuous characters.

Not satisfied with devoting his play-hours to these dramatic pursuits, the young author would spend a portion of his nights in translating into French verse the odes of Horace and various fragments of Virgil that he had learned.

When Victor was scarcely fifteen, without communicating his intention to any one, he made up his mind to compete for the poetical prize that was annually offered by the Académie Française. It was not without considerable timidity that the young student of the college Decotte handed in his composition at the secretary's office. Its superiority was acknowledged by the judges, but unfortunately in the course of the poem the juvenile author introduced the couplet

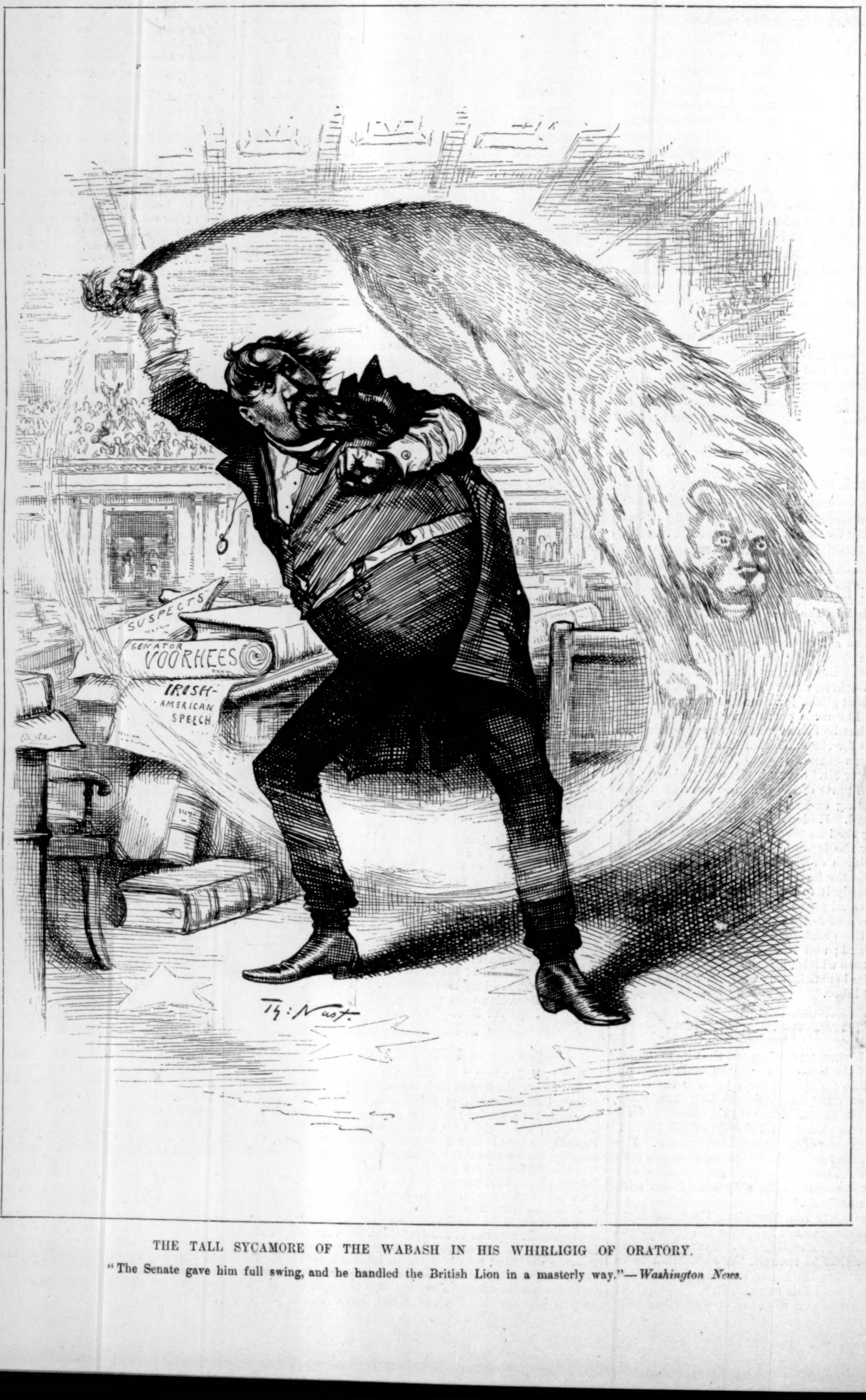
> "And though the thronging scenes of life I shun,
> For me three lustrums scarce their course have run,"

which the grave Academicians took as a satire upon the competition, as from the nature of the poem its author was judged to be at least past the years of boyhood. They accordingly awarded it only an "honorable mention," in spite of which, when the verses were read in public, Victor Hugo's production was received with the loudest applause.

In the report that was published there appeared a paragraph to the effect that if M. Hugo were really only as old as he represented, he deserved some encouragement from the Académie. This at once aroused Madame Hugo's indignation. She sent a categorical statement to M. Raynouard, the secretary, who had drawn up the report, and he acknowleged her communication by saying that if the author of the poem had really spoken the truth, he should be very pleased to make his acquaintance.

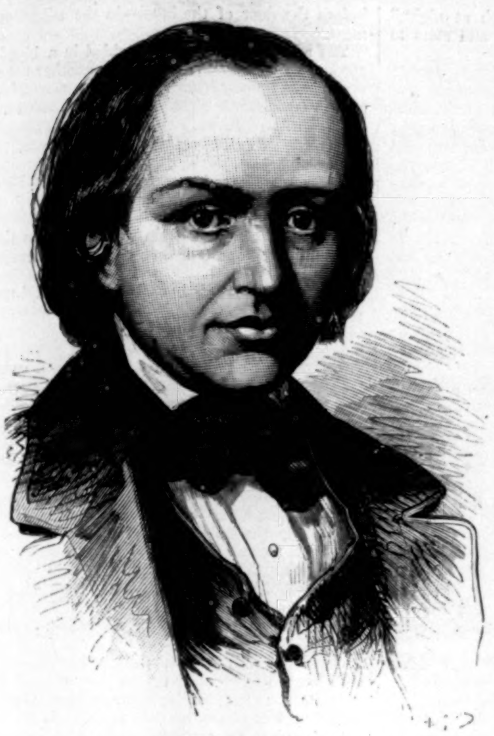
More indignant than ever, Madame Hugo hurried off to her son at the college.

"Come with me," she said; "come and let me show you to these unbelievers who assert that you are a man. I have the regis-



THE TALL SYCAMORE OF THE WABASH IN HIS WHIRLIGIG OF ORATORY.

"The Senate gave him full swing, and he handled the British Lion in a masterly way."—*Washington News.*



VICTOR HUGO AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT.

ter of your birth in my pocket!" Together they hastened to the secretary, who was manifestly somewhat abashed, and could only stammer out the explanation that he "could never have supposed it possible."

This, and other literary triumphs which followed soon after, won for Victor the title of "l'enfant sublime," and his name rang throughout France. An illustration of the honor in which he was held is found in the following anecdote. Once while Victor, a lad of nineteen, was reading in a café, a guardsman, impatient for the newspaper, snatched it roughly from his hand. Victor turned pale with rage, and forthwith challenged the soldier. A duel was immediately arranged, and in the second round the youth received a slight sword-cut on his arm. When the guardsman was informed that he had wounded "l'enfant sublime," his consternation was great, and he declared: "If I had known who he was, I would have let him run me through the body."

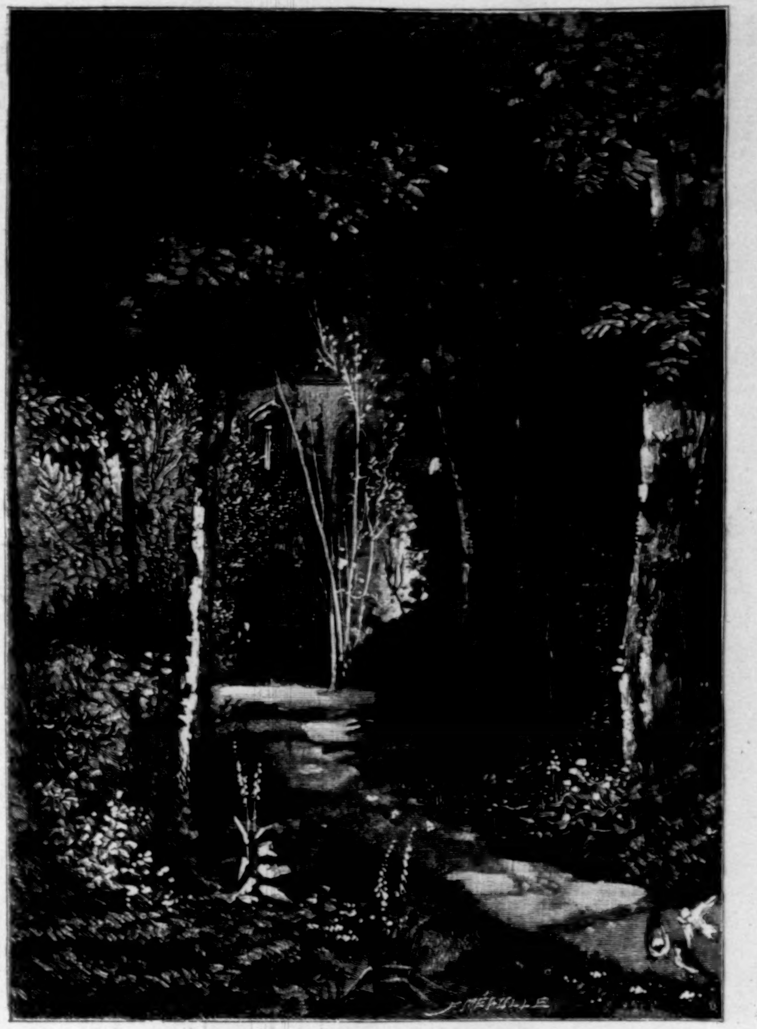
In June, 1821, Victor had the misfortune to lose his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who had been his constant companion. His prospects at this time were not brilliant. His allowance from his father had been withdrawn on account of his refusal to lead a military life, and he was thrown entirely on his own resources. For a whole year he lived on seven hundred francs, which were the proceeds of his pamphlets and the articles in the *Conservateur*. But the publication of his first volume of poems, a collection of *Odes et Ballads*, brought about a happy turn in his affairs. The book had a large sale, and Louis XVIII., flattered by allusions to himself in some of the verses, bestowed upon the author a pension of one thousand francs. Victor Hugo was now able to press his offer of marriage to Adèle Foucher, who for years had been the guiding star of his life.

After the marriage, which took place in October, 1822, the literary reputation of Victor Hugo grew rapidly. His industry was prodigious. At this period French literature had sunk to a very low condition. Under the Empire, the voices of authors had been stifled by the thunder of cannon, and the productions of the intellect were gradually becoming more marked by feebleness, insipidity, and insignificance. It seemed as though the power of thought had departed from the human brain, and that wit, imagination, and enthusiasm had ceased to exist.

In painting, too, just as in poetry, there was nothing but what was utterly flat and commonplace. But the young generation at length was aroused, and waving the flag of romanticism and shouting the hurrahs of independence, they rushed forward to the assault of the classic citadel.

Victor Hugo was counted among the leaders of the romantic school, against which the "classics" arose with what feeble strength they yet possessed, and it may well be supposed that the poet had no great affection for these Philistines who came down to assault. One day in the neighborhood of Bingen he met a bear that had escaped from a menagerie. The physiognomy of the brute, he said, reminded him of the sleepy, sanctimonious expression ever worn by the old habitués of the theatres as they sat listening to their favorite tragedies.

Some time afterward, in one of his jocose moods, he scribbled down on the margin of a page in M. Auguste Vacquerie's *Profils et Grimaces* an offhand caricature, which he described as a portrait of a classic. It represents an insolent old fop thrusting his thumbs under his vest, while he sneers as he expresses his detestation for "nebulous" poetry.



THE GARDEN OF THE FEUILLANTINES.

The first performance of Victor Hugo's drama of *Hernani*, which took place in February, 1830, will ever be memorable in theatrical annals. The excitement was intense. Balzac, Théophile Gautier, and other poets, reviewers, and journalists of "young France" were present in fantastic costumes, resolved to defend the new drama against the assaults of the "classics." The scene was stormy and tumultuous, but in spite of the fierce outcry no doubt could remain that the old strongholds were captured, and romanticism had proved triumphant. The day after the performance, Châteaubriand, who more than ten years before had called Victor Hugo "l'enfant sublime," wrote to the now celebrated author of *Hernani*, expressing his admiration of his genius, and hailed him as one rising to the world just at the time that his own star was setting.

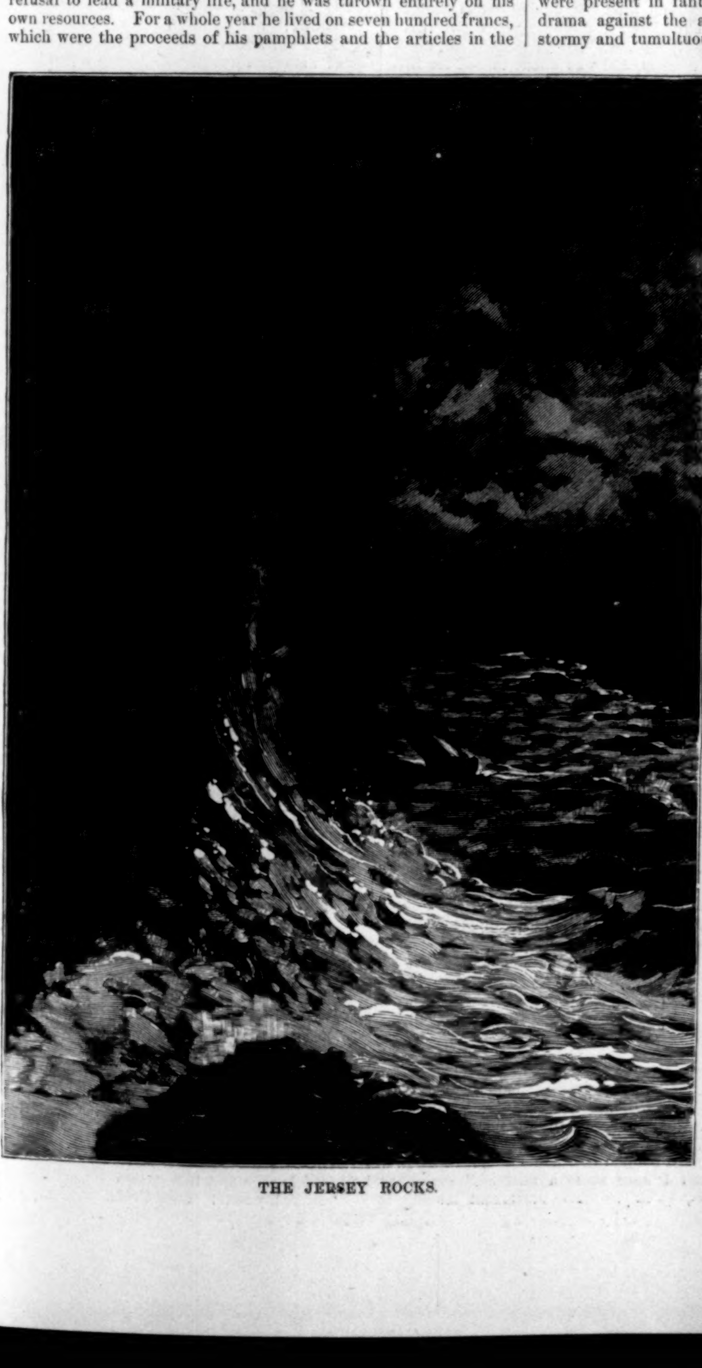
In 1867, almost forty years later, *Hernani* was performed in Paris for eighty nights to an audience which listened with an admiration almost amounting to awe. The time had changed. The old adversaries had disappeared forever, and their prejudices had departed with them. At the time of the first production of *Hernani*, Victor Hugo's appearance was not that of a man who could compose such powerful works. It is related that a superintendent of one of the large theatres of Paris called at his house on business relating to the performance of one of his dramas, and meeting a beardless young man in the salon, inquired whether he could speak to his father. Victor replied that his father had died about a year ago, but at the same time he had no doubt that the visit was intended for himself.

Until 1851 Victor Hugo continued to reside in Paris. His salon in the Place Royale was the scene of many literary and political gatherings of the most notable men of the time. In 1845 he was made a French peer, an honor which, as he was now at heart a republican, gave him but little satisfaction, except that it opened the only channel by which he could associate himself with political transactions. The details of this interesting period of Victor Hugo's career are lovingly dwelt upon by M. Barbou, and they present a charming picture of French intellectual life during that time.

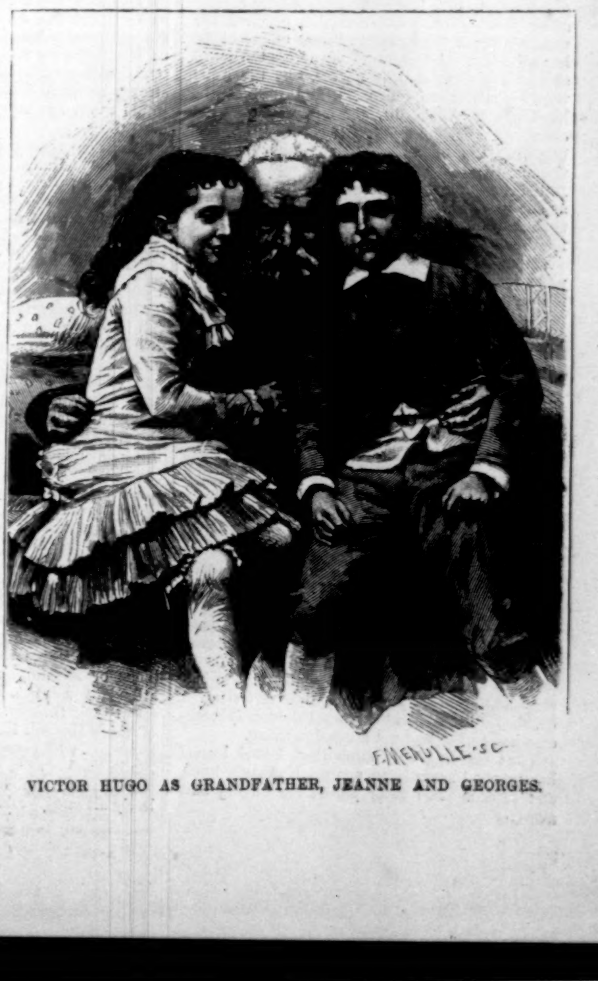
The full history of the struggle which drove Victor Hugo into exile has been related by himself in his well-known work *L'Histoire d'un Crime*, which he wrote in Brussels during the first five months after his departure from France. Victor Hugo's years of exile were passed for the most part in the Channel Islands of Jersey and Guernsey. The life at Hauteville House in Guernsey, which endured through many peaceful years, presents a series of charming pictures, which reveal the great strength as well as the great tenderness of the poet's mature character. His love for children was the most beautiful trait in the nature of this strong man, and long will his name be remembered by the children of Guernsey with loving admiration and reverence. It was during this period of exile that *Les Misérables*, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and other great works were written—works which have become a part of the celebrated literature of the world.

In his wife Victor Hugo found always a consoling and sympathetic companion. Noble and courageous in adversity, she bore exile with the same queenly grace and composure as had characterized her life during the years of prosperity in Paris. When she died in 1868, her loss fell like a heavy blow on her husband.

Faithful to his vow that he would never return to France except hand in hand with liberty, Victor Hugo remained in Guernsey until 1870, but at the first news of the disaster to his country he rushed to aid her in her hour of distress. On the 5th of September, the day after the revolution which followed close upon the capitulation of Sedan, he re-entered France, after an absence of nineteen years. Pale with excitement and his voice trembling with emotion, he presented himself at the railway station in Brussels,



THE JERSEY ROCKS.


F. MÉAULLE·SC.

VICTOR HUGO AS GRANDFATHER, JEANNE AND GEORGES.

and demanded "a ticket for Paris." As the train rolled along, his excitement increased. At Landrecies he caught sight of French soldiers. They were wearied and discouraged men, covered with dust, demoralized and dejected, but the terrible defeat at Sedan had not prevented them from bringing back the tricolor safe and sound. Victor Hugo leaned from the window of the railway carriage, and with a voice thrilling in its earnestness he kept shouting, "Vive la France! vive l'armée! vive la patrie!"

Exhausted as they were with hunger and fatigue, the bewildered soldiers looked up. They scarcely comprehended what he said, but he continued his shouting, and it was almost like an order of quick march to them all when they made out that they were being assured that they had done their duty, and that it was by no fault of theirs that they had sustained defeat.

In the presence of the great disaster, whereby the whole French army seemed vanquished and dispersed, tears rolled down his cheeks, and his whole frame quivered with sobs. He bought up all the bread that could be procured, and distributed it among the famished troops.

The train arrived at Paris at ten o'clock at night, and the man who nineteen years before had left the city in secret, with a price of 25,000 francs set upon his head, was received by an enthusiastic multitude, and was literally borne along the street amidst the wildest cheers of welcome.

The terrible days of the siege of Paris followed, and Victor Hugo did much toward animating and encouraging the people to bear with patience and good-nature whatever suffering might be brought upon them in the fight for their country. The Commune he condemned with the utmost vehemence of his nature. Family affairs compelled him to be absent from Paris during that reign of terror, but with his pen he launched forth denunciations against what he considered as the actions of madmen.

Since 1878 the poet has resided at No. 130 Avenue d'Eylau, at one end of Passy, near the Bois de Boulogne, in a part that is not yet completely built over, and which is in such a transition state that it can be called neither town nor country. The house is three stories high, and the study is on the first floor, where the poet lives in what may be said to be almost a bower, looking out on one side in the direction of the avenue, and on the other toward a pleasant garden, with a lawn surrounded by flowers and shaded by noble trees. From a small fountain a little stream trickles down, in which the white ducks of the poet's little granddaughter Jeanne are constantly paddling about. His two grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne, are the sunshine of Victor Hugo's old age, and he has made them the hero and heroine of *L'Art d'être Grandpère*, the most charming work of his later years, into which he has thrown the fullness of his genius and the freshness of his love.

Victor Hugo's labors are not yet ended. His intellect was never so strong as at present. He is constantly at work, and has several new volumes of dramas and poems nearly ready for publication. Not long since he said to a friend that to complete all his mind conceives he should require several lives.

His old age is full of honor. He has lived long enough to witness his own apotheosis; already he enjoys the glory of immortality, even though he has not ended his mortal days.

AN OCEAN TELEGRAM.

By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

I.

"A telegram for Hannah Beyle. Goodness! it is a cable dispatch, too."

Isabel Gordon pushed back her blonde curls, and took the pen to sign the receipt. The telegraph boy, in blue uniform, with his little satchel slung jauntily over one shoulder, watched her with his great black eyes, entirely unmoved by her agitation. A telegram from across the ocean shocks the most healthy nerves, sets the heart throbbing with apprehension, and renders the head giddy. What disaster and woe may not come, like a flash of lightning, beneath the waves, blighting the fairest prospects!—the death of friends, the loss of fortune, the end of hope. Isabel Gordon beheld all these dread possibilities as she received the thin official envelope into her tremulous fingers, and grew cold with a sickening fear.

Hannah Beyle, spared this first shock of surprise, sat stupefied before her easel when Isabel fluttered into the studio with it. Her hand did not tremble, but she grew white to the lips as she tore open the envelope. She read:

> "Your brother's eyesight is much affected. Look to it. Henry Clayton."

When she had read, Hannah gave the telegram to her friend, and took up her brush again, although in an abstracted way. Isabel, in a fashion equally characteristic of her more impulsive temperament, flushed and paled, seated herself on the floor, and chirped a dozen inquiries and conjectures in a breath. What did it mean about Theodore Beyle's eyesight? Could he be going blind? How dreadful! Who was this Henry Clayton? Oh, a professor of botany, and an intimate friend of Theodore Beyle's at home in America, as she was Hannah's friend over here in Europe. That was curious: two men at home inseparable companions, and two girls abroad with the same bond of attachment—only, to balance matters, Henry Clayton, whoever he might be, should have been her (Isabel Gordon's) brother, whereas she had not a relative living.

Thus chirping and wondering, Isabel leaned her pretty blonde head against Hannah's knee, and sighed. The other patted the waving hair gently.

"You need no relatives, dear," she said, softly.

The city was Siena—quaint old town on the hill-top, full of art treasures—and the month was May. The two friends had entered upon one of those feminine partnerships in which each pursued a favorite branch of study, while their surroundings plainly indicated what their future would be. Life was clearly mapped out for them: both had decided not to marry. Hannah would be an artist, with an independent property. Isabel was a sculptor, and without fortune. The attachment was none the less firm that it had been wholly cemented in Europe. Hannah—sedate, courageous, and composed, twenty-six years old, with a pale, intellectual face and steady gray eyes—had rescued Isabel—small, pretty, and aged eighteen—from helplessly taking the wrong train on a German railway platform, and had kept her under her own wing ever since. Hannah would hold the helm in the partnership always by reason of her firmer will; they were to live for art, and disregard the stupid conventionalities of a frivolous world. In the twilight they built charming air-castles, colored with sunset clouds, of the lands they would visit together, of the sketching tours in Brittany and Normandy, the winters in the golden atmosphere of the Nile. Hannah wore the plainest gowns, falling in harmonious folds to her feet, and her smooth hair wound into a classical knot at the back of the head. Isabel's fair locks had been shorn ruthlessly, until they clustered in silky rings about her face, converting her into a semblance of one of Correggio's cherubs. The adjustment of her blouse, a little knot of gay ribbon, or a flower here and there, betrayed an innate coquetry, to the last degree reprehensible in a novice whose vows were plighted to forego earthly vanities. Eighteen, blooming, bright, and happy, as yet unclouded by professional disappointments, experienced a guilty pleasure in being admired by the quickly appreciative Italian eye, decked the sober blouse with a ribbon or a rose as instinctively as flowers seek the sunshine. Hannah, the old, the severe, smiled on these little follies.

The two students had occupied a nook in an old palace here at Siena for a year. The apartment was vast, lofty, and chill. The studio of Isabel, ornamented with several fac-similes of shields in plaster on the wall, held mysterious shrouded shapes in corners; that of Hannah bloomed with color—a pile of rich fabrics, chiefly clerical vestments, heavy with silver fringes and gold embroideries; a pyramid of flowers in a large urn, culled on the hill-side in the summer twilight; a leaf of missal framed; a lay figure attired in a historical dress of the Cinque-cento. Hannah surrounded herself with the luxury of warm and gorgeous colors, without venturing to transfer them to her canvas. Color was still forbidden fruit to her, and zealously did she bend to the task of drawing with pencil and crayon five hours each day, as she had done for the past four years. Conscientiousness was her chief virtue. With Isabel all work was different. A thousand fancies disturbed her imagination as she hovered from task to task, now laboring with feverish energy, now idling away the noonday. Impatient of instruction, her productions were as yet unequal, betraying great imperfections, with some talent. She aspired to attaining the heights in one spring, ignoring the abyss between, and by-and-by the sun would scorch her wings of wax. Hannah dared not raise her eyes to the great Sodoma in humblest copy; Isabel would have risked competition with Praxiteles with the most charming audacity of youth. Hannah beheld in such fitful moods only the ebullitions of a rare genius: Isabel, the butterfly, would alight on the sweetest flower at last. Isabel listened, frowned, and laughed.

"I am the butterfly, and I will take myself for a model," she said, and darted away to her clay.

She was very quiet, absorbed, and mysterious for two days, and Hannah was forbidden ingress to her sanctum. At the expiration of this time she exhibited her design: A butterfly had alighted with fluttering wings on a rose held in an outstretched hand; the hand, carefully modelled, was strong, nervous, masculine; soon the butterfly would reach the expectant palm, and be imprisoned there.

"Why have you made the hand so distinctively masculine?" Hannah had inquired.

A soft flush stole over the face of the young artist, and she compressed her childish lips.

"Oh, the hand is Art, dear, strong and nervous. The butterfly is destined to be held prisoner all her life in that mighty palm—all her life," she added, musingly, smoothing the clay with her little fingers.

On this peaceful routine the cable telegram fell like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky.

Isabel glanced up apprehensively into Hannah's face, full of sympathy and concern. Hannah continued to touch up the picture on the easel before her, although in a dazed manner.

She had permitted herself to make a copy in the Academy, much as a musician, still in leading-strings, lapses from scales into an untried Strauss waltz. The Siena Academy was her delight. Here she spent hours in rapt contemplation of that incomparable Christ of Sodoma, full of dignity, grace, and suffering, who turns his gaze sorrowfully, even wearily, on his tormentors; or paused to admire a group by Beccafumi. All is here so silent, remote, and calm, with a humorous twinkling face of a mendicant in battered hat, by Caravaggio, here and there, and the golden-wrought draperies of stiff Madonnas with sweet faces and doll heads, by Guido da Siena or Memmi, guarding long corridors, their attendant saints, martyrs, and angels grouped about their thrones. These were the threads out of which Hannah Beyle had determined to weave her webs. She could at least dream away her life in shadowy old galleries, and be content.

"After all, your brother's friend may be needlessly alarmed," said Isabel, soothingly.

"Theodore always studied much at night," said Hannah, adding gold tracery and stars to her Madonna's robe.

Then she pushed aside her easel, and went to the window. Outside, a light breeze swept over the olive-trees of the garden slopes; a vine, flecked with crimson blossoms, swayed from a gray wall; the hills on the horizon wore the soft purple tints of late spring. Below the window the old Roman gate spanned a glimpse of verdant valley; just above it was the horribly suggestive lunatic asylum of New Italy; a steep and crooked street on the other side passed beneath an arch, affording a glimpse of the lower city outspread, and the Palazzo Pubblico, with its lofty tower. Over purple hills, misty valleys, and time-stained roofs was poured a rain of blinding, dazzling sunshine, varied by dark shadows beneath porticoes and balconies, from whence emerged a contadina in her flapping Tuscan hat, guiding her donkey, or the dove-colored oxen, with their wide-spreading horns, dragging creaking wagons.

Hannah returned from the window, and still remained absorbed in thought. That night she formed a resolution. The path of duty lay very clearly revealed before her. She had declined to share her brother's home in a quiet college town, but she owed him every debt of affection and solicitude. Theodore Beyle did not approve of feminine emancipation, abhorred Bohemianism—was, in fact, a woman-hater. Hannah, with her quiet smile and calm demeanor, had taken her portion of their inheritance and come to Europe to live, after her own fashion, notwithstanding.

An ocean telegram? The case must indeed be urgent. She lost no time in going to Leghorn, accompanied by the sobbing Isabel. A steam-ship of the Anchor Line in the Mediterranean trade had just entered the port. Hannah promptly secured passage on board.

"I can see Naples, Palermo, Gibraltar, and reach New York in a month," she said, standing on the deck. "No, I need not write. I must surprise my poor dear Theodore, whom I have neglected too long."

"What is to become of me?" whimpered Isabel.

"I shall bring my brother back with me before the autumn, for rest, and to consult some eminent oculist at Paris or Vienna," replied Hannah.

Then the steamer threaded her way out of Leghorn, bearing away Hannah Beyle, and vanished on the wide track of Mediterranean waters.

Fifteen days later a letter came to the Siena studio, addressed to Miss Hannah Beyle, and with the post-mark of New York. Isabel, obeying her friend's injunction, opened it. The letter was signed, as the telegram had been, by Henry Clayton. He apologized for a personal anxiety which had led him to telegraph to Theodore Beyle's sister. He had been prompted by a wish that she should urge his joining her in Europe, without explaining a more urgent motive than the necessity for rest. Now Theodore had heeded home counsel, and was about to sail for Liverpool.

Hannah and her brother would cross each other on the high seas.

Isabel placed the letter on the chimney-piece, wrung her hands, and burst into tears.

II.

Hannah Beyle landed in New York, went to a hotel, and refreshed herself with a little repose after a tedious voyage. Her brother lived in a college town, as had been stated, where all letters would be forwarded to her by Isabel Gordon. Her first impulse was to telegraph him of her arrival. No, she decided to surprise him instead, by walking in the door unexpectedly, and judging of the aspect of affairs for herself.

At the hotel a servant brought her a file of American newspapers. Her eye lighted on a paragraph, among personal items, to herself most interesting.

"Professors Clayton and Beyle, of Azalea College, have arrived at Crab Cove, Long Island, where the former will pursue his usual summer study of marine plants."

Hannah's face brightened. How fortunate she was to have discovered this paragraph! Professor Clayton, a botanist, had probably urged sea-bathing and other recreations on his friend. Had she immediately journeyed to the college town she would have been required to retrace her steps to Long Island.

Crab Cove was reached by a steamboat, which left a pier on the East River three times in the week. What could be easier than for Hannah to seek her brother there? Always prompt in decision and action, she went to the pier indicated, where, amidst other white steamboats, she recognized her craft—one which she was destined long to remember.

Hannah found herself the first bird of summer on board; she traversed the cabin in lonely majesty. The stewardess, with an expression of indifference on her lemon-colored countenance, went about jingling her keys; and this solitary passenger was further permitted to partake of a tough beefsteak and fried potatoes, at a supper table in the depths below of cabin, with the bluff, good-humored captain.

At two o'clock in the morning she was deposited on a desolate wharf, enveloped in fog, where stood a man holding a lantern.

"Where is the Crab Cove Hotel?" demanded Hannah, her heart failing her as the steamboat, with hissing of boilers and revolving paddles, swept on.

"Five miles away—about," said the man with a lantern.

The light glimmered over his tall and gaunt person, and imparted a curiously weird aspect to sharp nose, pointed beard, and dilapidated hat.

"Then I have made a mistake," exclaimed Hannah, quickly. "The steamboat landing is before the door of the hotel—in the advertisement."

The man with a lantern chuckled in a blood-curdling fashion. "Wa'al, there's another nearer the cove," he confessed. "You see, marm, it's considerable out of repair—got washed some in the storms last winter."

"Why do they not repair it, then?" demanded Hannah, sharply.

"The folks over there are a *leetle* behind with work this year, I guess," said the man with a lantern.

"Why did they not begin work earlier in the season, then?" questioned Hannah, with increasing asperity.

The native responded evasively that he did not know. He kept his eye on her with evident enjoyment of her discomfiture. She was the bird, and he the fowler. His education may have been defective, and his knowledge of the world limited, yet he needed no instruction in taking advantage of a stranger.

Hannah walked across the pier, shivering in the raw fog, and sighed.

"Perhaps there will be other passengers," she suggested, feeling a cowardly desire to detain the man with a lantern.

"No, there ain't," he promptly replied. "It's too early in the season. I can hitch up, and take you over, marm."

"How much do you charge?"

"It would be worth four dollars, I guess."

"Four dollars! I could hire a landau and pair in Europe for that price, my friend. I will not give it. Robbery!"

Muttering that it was nothing to him, since he only wished to be obliging, the man with a lantern stalked away, leaving Hannah Beyle alone—alone on a fog-obscured pier of Long Island at two o'clock in the morning!

A building flanked this wharf, combining steamboat office, warehouse, and store. Hannah seated herself on the step, resolved to await the dawn. The silence of night was all about her, relieved only by the ripple of the waves on the shore. The fog curled nearer in opaque billows. An adjacent village, wrapped in profound slumber, was faintly outlined by a projecting roof and wall here and there. The spot was ghostly and chill. A cold and moist object touched her hand. She started nervously, and a low, menacing growl ensued, while a head appeared on a level with her own. A suspicious watch-dog sniffed at her, and with no favorable opinion of her afterward, apparently, for he paused, looming through the mist, a terrible phantom. Fear smote Hannah. Here was a mastiff awaiting, in an attitude of breathless suspense, her next gesture. If she shrieked for help, doubtless the dog would spring at her throat before the sleeping village could be aroused. If she stirred, he would inevitably pin her to the ground. Propitiation was the only course.

"Good doggy!" she said, in trembling tones.

"Growl!" was the deep and surly response.

"Poor old fellow!"—with an assumed cordiality of manner through which even a dog might see.

"Bow-wow!"

Frozen silence on Hannah's part, more sniffing on the enemy's part. He knew full well she had no earthly business there at that hour. Oh, if the man with a lantern would return! Instead, two innocent cows strayed so near that Hannah inhaled the fragrant breath of the friendly creatures. Away bounded the mastiff to drive them back from the pier. Hannah availed herself of the diversion to climb on a barrel. Oh, for the man with a lantern! All that one has will one give for one's life.

The native, aware of the force of this truth, returned at this critical moment; his lantern glimmered on the grass like a fire-fly. Melancholy had depressed his spirits when he withdrew and left Hannah alone.

"Take you over for three dollars and a half," he suggested, amicably.

"Yes," assented Hannah, in desperation; "call off the dog, and I can come down."

Then she descended from the barrel, dragging it over, also, with her dress. There was a crash of sliding boards, of cans piled against the wall, and the barrel fell on her ankle with such force that she believed it crushed at first.

The man with a lantern rescued her from the débris, with genuine concern depicted on his weather-beaten countenance, and placed her in a rickety wagon drawn by a rheumatic white horse. They started on their five-mile drive, the white horse jogging across dreary flats, where the sea-breeze blew freshly at times, and the exhalations of dead fish strewed on an arid soil to stimulate drooping corn and discouraged potatoes were only too apparent.

Hannah found the distance interminable, the propinquity of the native intolerable, the passing moments full of pain; for her ankle was throbbing and swelling inside a stiff boot, in agonized recollection of the falling barrel and planks.

At length a large house became visible. Behold, the Crab Cove Hotel, painted white, with many windows and a long piazza, dripping with moisture from the fog, and blankly cheerless in aspect in the gray light of early morning.

Simultaneously with the advent of the rickety wagon, the sounds of withdrawing bolts and turning a ponderous lock on the entrance door became audible. Hannah descended with the utmost difficulty, and hobbled up the steps. If she touched her bruised foot to the ground, acute anguish vibrated through her whole body. Suddenly the door flew open, and a man dressed in a flannel yachting suit, and with a dip-net slung over his shoulder, emerged.

"Theodore!" murmured Hannah, rendered giddy by intense suffering.

Then she fell into the gentleman's arms, and fainted for the first time in her life.

"Bless my soul!" cried Professor Henry Clayton, dropping not only his net but his spectacles in his excessive dismay and astonishment at receiving the fair burden.

Unconsciousness was not long vouchsafed to Hannah Beyle; the pain in her ankle stung her to speedy sensibility. An hour later she was lying on a bed in a small room, the nearest doctor had been summoned, and her leather boot lay in strips on the floor, having been thus removed by Professor Clayton with the nicest skill and a very sharp knife. A tall, gaunt woman, Mrs. Anger, the landlady, was sweetening a cup of hot coffee, while a bewildered chamber-maid hovered near.

Hannah fixed her large gray eyes on Professor Clayton. He was a small dark man, nervous and shy under ordinary circumstances, and only at ease among his colleagues. Now remorse for his own precipitancy in sending for Theodore Beyle's sister, and the consequences, inspired him with complete self-forgetfulness. He thought only of her.

"Are you the doctor?" inquired Hannah.

"No; he will be here soon," he replied, soothingly.

"Where is my brother, Professor Beyle?" she persisted, with a little frown.

Henry Clayton blushed, and wiped his brow.

"Later—when you have rested," he murmured, helplessly, "I will tell you all—"

"Tell me the worst," cried Hannah, that expression of fortitude gathering about her mouth, almost of sternness, so familiar to Isabel Gordon. "Is he blind?"

"Dear me, no. He is better, decidedly better. A sea-voyage works miracles sometimes, you know. He has gone to Europe to join you."

Hannah sank back on the pillow and closed her eyes. They had crossed each other's track on the ocean.

"I fear you will blame me. I was very much alarmed for his eyesight," pursued the hapless student, deprecatingly.

"You must be Henry Clayton," said Hannah, with startling abruptness, and without opening her eyes.

What a fine face it was lying there on the pillow—fair, delicate, still, like her brother's, only more refined, because feminine.

"Can I do nothing to prove how sorry I am for the trouble I have occasioned you?" he added, with a little inflection of compassion, almost of tenderness, in his voice.

"Yes. Go away," said Hannah, inexorably.

She feared uttering angry and bitter words if he remained. Oh, how silly were men!

The doctor arrived, and pronounced the ankle badly hurt—a sprain, and, by a miracle, not a fracture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

How great and how rapid has been the advance in dog-culture in this country was amply shown by the grand collection of animals exhibited last week at the American Institute Hall, New York city. From whatever point of view the exhibition is looked at, it must be pronounced a complete success. No better building, despite its distance from the fashionable quarter of the town, could have been found; the ventilation (an important consideration) was perfect, and the arrangements for the reception of the favored animals and their visitors were all that could be asked. It was, however, in the general quality of the dogs exhibited that true admirers of dogs found their chief gratification. In every exhibition preceding this last one, almost every class except those of sporting dogs contained one or more animals whose presence there demonstrated the fact that their owners knew but little of what was required to win a place in competition—so little, indeed, that dogs would appear in classes to which they would seem to have strayed by purest accident. Now, however, owing to the spread of knowledge of things canine, such mistakes are not apparent, and the quality of the exhibits is much more uniform than before.

The principal feature of the show was the large and excellent display of setters and pointers. No less than three hundred and thirty of the one thousand and fifty dogs shown were setters, and they occupied twenty of the one hundred and five classes for dogs of all kinds. Pointers were not nearly so numerous, and if the statistics of the show are any criterion of the estimation in which these two kinds of dogs are respectively held, the setter has considerably more than twice as many friends as the pointer.

At an English show, on the other hand, pointers would outnumber setters. The conditions, however, under which field shooting is carried on in the two countries are different. The best quail grounds in this country are fields that are cultivated in a somewhat slovenly fashion, and interspersed with woods and young undergrowth. The "old fields" of the Southern States are as pretty quail ground as could be wished, with their thin but sufficient cover; and for such shooting the setter, by reason of its well-protected hide, is better fitted than the more tender-skinned pointer. But on the prairies, among the grouse, the open nature of the ground, and the general scarcity of water (for the setter is a thirsty soul), make the pointer the more valued animal. In Great Britain, likewise, where the fields are cleanly cultivated, and the grouse moors extend in vast unbroken expanses, the conditions are more favorable to the pointer than to the setter. Never, however, either in England or elsewhere, has a larger and better collection of setters been brought together than that lately exhibited in New York.

Next to sporting dogs, the exhibition was remarkable for the excellence of the animals that may be classed generally as companionable dogs, and these ranged from the infinitely great to the infinitely tiny—from the majestic mastiff, standing thirty-six inches at the shoulder, to the delicately sensitive toy-terrier weighing less than four pounds, and enduring rather than enjoying an amount of luxury to which a wise mother would hesitate to habituate her own child. It is a curious commentary on the eccentricities of human (and especially feminine) affection to see such loving care lavished on animals which, except for their infantile whinings and helplessness, have less to recommend them to human companionship than almost any other kind of dog. Delicately upholstered cages decked with satin and point-lace—in one (for sweet companionship), a wax doll baby; in another, a cup of rare blue china, out of which the pet might quench æsthetically the thirst engendered by rich living—these were the surroundings which made show life endurable to the ladies' pets.

How refreshing it was to turn to their near neighbors the grand Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, and others of the nobler kind! Never before in this country has so fine an exhibition been made of large dogs. A new class was that of the Berghunds, splendid fellows, exceeding, if possible, in size and nobility of aspect the rough-coated St. Bernards. Berghunds are of German origin, and but little known outside of their native country. They differ from the rough-coated St. Bernards (though doubtless originally from the same stock) principally in being self-colored (tawny, gray fawn, and brindled fawn), while the St. Bernards have white markings. The mastiffs were a remarkably good class, and it is difficult to imagine a finer specimen than Colonel STUART TAYLOR'S Gurth, which took the first prize in the champion class, and whose owner professed himself willing to part with him for five thousand dollars.

Among the smaller yet worthy breeds of dogs none possesses more attractive qualities than the fox-terrier. His handsome appearance and game disposition have won him many friends, and he appears in sixty entries, which is probably only one-half, however, of the number that would be shown at an exhibition of equal size in England. In that country he has a specific duty to perform, as his name implies, and his race has for generations been preserved with more or less purity in the great fox-hunting establishments. Notwithstanding this, nearly all the prize-winning fox-terriers of to-day have a common ancestor in Old Jock, a famous dog that lived and died within the past twenty years.

Scotch collies and Irish water-spaniels were well represented, and are comparatively new to American shows. The exhibit in both of these classes was singularly uniform in quality—a remark which applies also to the spaniels of all kinds, among which was a tiny little fellow hailing from Pekin, but obviously a near relation of the King Charles spaniel.

A SOUVENIR OF 1861.

VIEWING from the present stand-point of national prosperity the events which ushered in the terrible struggle, on one side for a separation of the Union, and on the other for the determined preservation of its integrity, it is hardly possible for any one, even those who participated, and still less for the youth of that period, who regarded the question of secession with more of curiosity than alarm, to realize the restless anxiety and feverish excitement which pervaded the minds of all classes, and the impatient desire to learn every particular connected with the movements of the earliest troops sent to the field.

Thus when a Massachusetts regiment passed through Baltimore, and was fired upon by the rebel sympathizers, and the Seventh Regiment of New York was dispatched to its succor, and when days elapsed and no tidings of the latter had been received, and when distrust and apprehension were creeping like shadows over all who were waiting and watching for a sign of encouragement, a little faded slip of paper, which lies before me now, pregnant with hope and confidence, came like an angel messenger, and this is its history:

In the month of April, 1861, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, on its way to Washington, while passing through Baltimore, was fired upon by the rebel element. This act was afterward disclaimed by the Confederates, and attributed to a band of rowdies always ready for mischief. Nevertheless, the fact remained that armed opposition to the passage of Northern troops to the capital had commenced.

It was necessary to support this regiment, and the Seventh New York was dispatched for that purpose to Annapolis by sea.

Several days passed, and no news of its arrival reached New York: an impression (absurd, indeed, as it subsequently appeared) seized the public mind that New York's favorite regiment had met with some disaster—was annihilated, or perhaps famine-stricken.

At that period I was connected with the Metropolitan Police as Commissioner, and shared the general feeling of anxiety which prevailed. I saw the necessity of obtaining some reliable information with regard to the Seventh Regiment, in order to restore confidence, and quiet the alarm, which was becoming infectious. With this view I proceeded to the office of the American Telegraph Company, then located at the southwest corner of Wall and Broad streets, and found the operator to be an old fellow-clerk, Mr. Moseley S. Roberts, and informed him that I wished all dispatches that came over the lines from the South submitted to the Metropolitan Police Commission of this city.

I suggested to him that it would be sound policy to appoint him as "special policeman detailed in charge of the American Telegraph Office."

I then returned to the office of the Police Commissioners, and stated to them what I had already done. A meeting of the board, consisting of James Bowen, then president, John G. Bergen, and myself, was immediately called, and at once appointed Moseley S. Roberts policeman detailed to act at the American Telegraph Office, in accordance with the plan which I had arranged.

During the interval of suspense between the departure of the Seventh Regiment and the news of its arrival at Annapolis, a period of intense anxiety to the people of New York, Mr. James S. Wadsworth—all honor to his noble heart!—of Geneseo, New York State, called at Police Head-Quarters to see his old friend John A. Kennedy, with whom he was associated in the State Constitutional Convention of 1846.

Mr. Kennedy received him very kindly, but Mr. Wadsworth was feeling sad.

"Kennedy," said he, "I am fifty years of age, and good for nothing. My country is suffering, and needs assistance. Is there anything I can do to aid her?"

"Yes," promptly and emphatically replied Kennedy, "you can do this: you can go back to Geneseo and raise a regiment of soldiers."

"But," said W., "I know no more of military affairs than a child."

"That does not matter," said K. "Return to Geneseo, put out your posters, say that James S. Wadsworth will raise a regiment for his country, and you will succeed."

These encouraging words of Mr. Kennedy inspired Mr. Wadsworth with patriotic emotion. "I can do *that*," he said, "and I *will*, and *furnish the means myself to pay for it*."

Mr. W. then left Police Head-Quarters, and met Mr. Thurlow Weed, from whom he endeavored to learn something definite concerning the absent New York Seventh.

The possibility that it had landed, and was somewhere beyond the means of communicating with the North, suffering from want of supplies, and perhaps from starvation, awakened the generous impulses in Mr. Wadsworth's heart, and he forthwith chartered the steamboat *Kill Von Kull*, filled it with provisions, and sent it with a god-speed to the missing regiment, and *paid for it himself*.

Early on the morning of the 23d of April, 1861, I was sent for by Mr. Roberts, who handed me the following dispatch:

> "ANNAPOLIS, *April* 23.
>
> "*Constitution* is safely moored at mouth of harbor. Competent force on board. One thousand five hundred troops at Annapolis, and more coming. All well. No opposing force."

When I stepped into Room No. 11, Astor House, to show this dispatch to Mr. Weed, Mr. Wadsworth was present, and participated in the general joy its intelligence afforded.

Before, however, the opportunity occurred for him to raise the regiment which he contemplated, he was appointed General in the army, and promptly sent with a command to the front, where, at the battle of the Wilderness, he consummated his last act of heroism and devotion to his country.

"He died at the head of his brigade."

No epitaph more fitting, or one more worthy of remembrance, could be inscribed over the grave of a brave and loyal soldier.

THOMAS C. ACTON.

THE CRUELTY OF THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo leads a wandering life, building no nest, and attaching itself to no particular locality. It shows no hostility toward birds of another kind, and little affection for those of its own. If two males meet in the course of their wandering, they frequently fight with intense animosity, and these single combats account no doubt for the belief formerly entertained that the cuckoo was the only hawk that preyed on its own kind. It does not pair, and it is unusual to see even a male and female together. It is, however, frequently accompanied by a small bird of another kind. There does not appear to be any intimacy or any hostility between the ill-matched pair. The larger bird flies first; the lesser one, as if spell-bound, follows it. If the cuckoo perches on a tree, the other posts itself on another hard by, or on another branch of the same; if the cuckoo alights on the ground, the other is by its side. No sooner does the young bird see the day than he proceeds to secure for himself the whole space of the nest and the sole attention of his foster-parents by insinuating himself under the other young birds, and any eggs which may remain unhatched, and hurling them over the edge of the nest, where they are left to perish. The singularity of its shape is well adapted for these purposes; for, different from other newly hatched birds, its back, from the shoulders downward, is very broad, with a considerable depression in the middle. This depression seems formed by nature for the design of giving a more secure lodgment to an egg or a young bird when the young cuckoo is employed in removing either of them from the nest.

A young cuckoo was hatched with three young titlarks on the 6th of June. On the afternoon of the 10th, two of the titlarks were found lying dead at the bottom of the ditch; the other had disappeared. Subsequently this cuckoo was removed, and placed in another titlark's nest, nearer home, for more convenient observation. On the following day the cuckoo was found covered by the old titlark with outstretched wings from a very heavy shower of rain, while her own young ones had in the mean time been expelled by the cuckoo, and were lying lifeless within two inches of her nest.

An eye-witness of the crime thus describes the murder: "The cuckoo struggled about till it got its back under one of its nestling companions, when it climbed backward, directly up the open side of the nest, and hitched the bird from its back on to the edge. It then stood quite upright on its legs, which were straddled wide apart, with the claws firmly fixed half-way down the inside of the nest, among the interlacing fibres of which the nest was woven; and stretching its wings apart and backward, it elbowed its victim fairly over the margin so far that its struggles took it down the bank. After this the cuckoo stood a minute or two feeling back with its wings, as if to make sure that the little thing was fairly overboard, and then subsided into the bottom of the nest. As it was getting late, and the cuckoo did not immediately set to work on the other nestling, I replaced the ejected one, and went home. On returning next day, both nestlings were found dead and cold, out of the nest. I replaced one of them, but the cuckoo made no effort to get under and eject it, but settled itself contentedly on the top of it. But what struck me most was this: the cuckoo was perfectly naked, without a vestige of a feather, or even a hint of future feathers; its eyes were not yet opened, and its neck seemed too weak to support the weight of its head. Its companions had well-developed quills on the wings and back, and had bright eyes partially open; yet they seemed quite helpless under the manipulations of the cuckoo, which looked a much less developed creature. The cuckoo's legs, however, seemed very muscular; and it appeared to feel about with its wings, which were absolutely featherless, as with hands. The most singular thing of all was the direct purpose with which the blind little monster made for the open side of the nest, the only part where it could throw its burden down the bank."

A LESSON IN A GARDEN.

IN the bright splendor of the spring,
  When the first butterflies are flying,
And the south wind with scented wing
  Shakes all the rose-buds with its sighing,
Then the green caterpillars dare
To feed on all things fresh and fair.

One of them—none to my surprise—
  Of all but his own self unheeding,
His sixteen legs, two jaws, twelve eyes,
  Upon a cabbage leaf was feeding,
As busy, self-absorbed, and trim
As if the world was made for him.

A shrouded, shrivell'd form he spies,
  Had once a caterpillar been,
Had sixteen legs, two jaws, twelve eyes,
  And worn like him the brightest green.
"Really!" he said, and made a pause,
"This thing's a chrysallis, I suppose!

"I've heard that it will live again,
  Will breathe, and eat, have wings, and fly.
The thing's not likely, I maintain,
  And what's not likely, I deny.
I hope at least, without pretense,
I am a worm of common-sense."

E'en as he spoke, the case was rent,
  And lo! two wondrous wings unfold,
Of bronze and crimson richly blent,
  And powdered o'er with dust of gold.
They spread themselves for happy flight,
Bathed in the sunshine and the light.

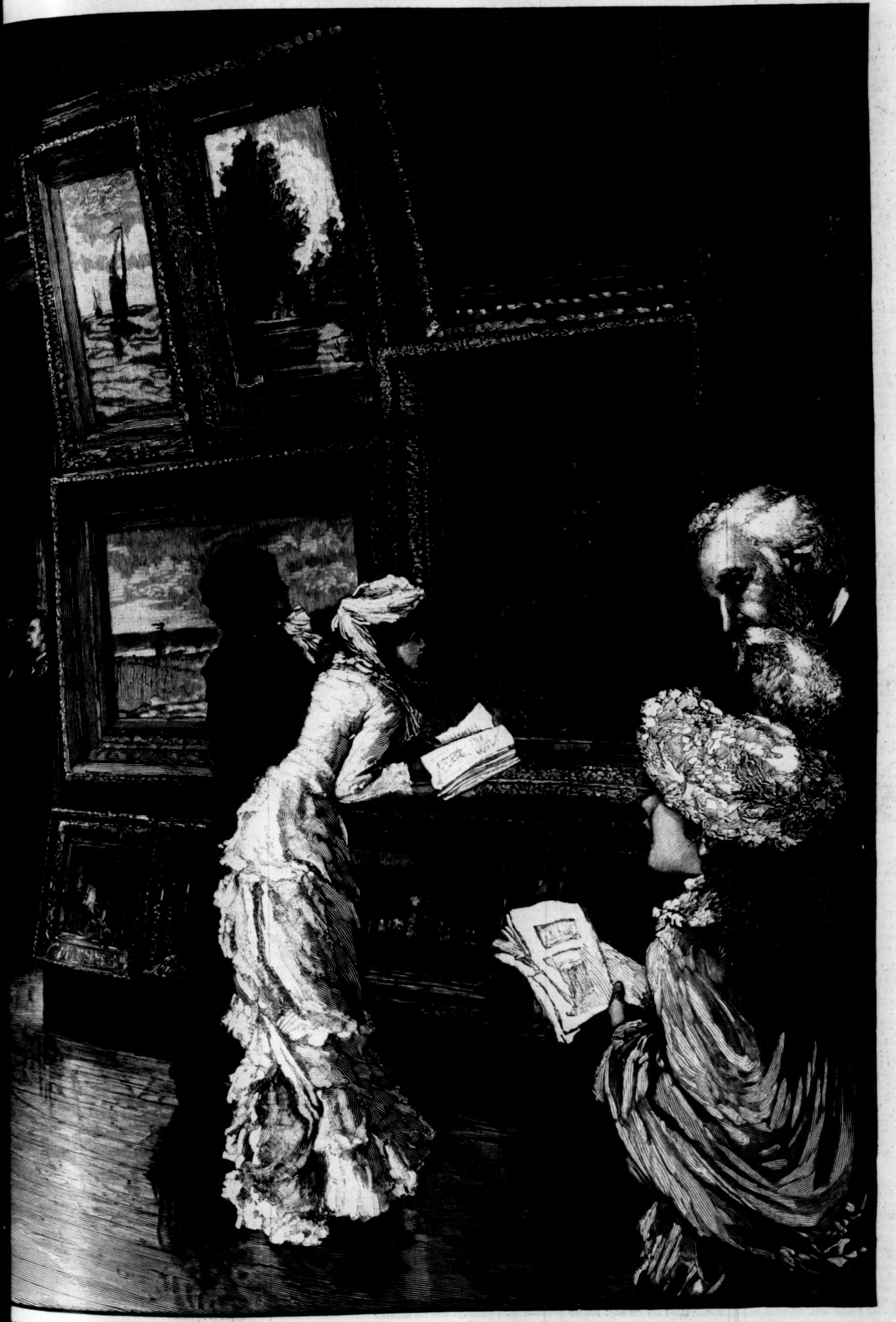
The caterpillar crawled away,
  Eating his road; but I could see,
Though he had nothing more to say,
  He'd lost his self-sufficiency.
Perchance, though to his leaf he clings,
He dreams of gold and crimson wings.

MARY A. BARR.

EGYPTIAN POTTERY.

AMONGST other native manufactures, Siût is deservedly noted for a particular kind of earthenware, which is fashioned for a variety of uses in all sorts of shapes and forms. The pottery is of two colors, red and black, and, like most Eastern objects of the kind, marked with wild zigzag patterns and archaic devices meant for ornamentation. As the traveller passes down the length of the bazar, every other shop-keeper shouts his acquired formula: "Hi, sar; you come here, sar; I very good potteries; you buy me, sar." We did business with some half-dozen different dealers, and filled a large palm basket with the vases, incense-burners, coffee utensils, tobacco knick-knacks, and other samples offered us at each fresh stall. Some of these productions are excessively quaint and pretty, and if carefully packed, can easily be sent abroad in palm wicker crates, while their price is nominal, a quarter of a dollar or so purchasing a great quantity, though the vender, of course, will insist at first on asking treble the price he expects and finally accepts. In all cases where bargaining with natives has to be transacted it is the best course to leave the business to the dragoman, who, though he may cheat you himself, will take good care no one steps in and spoils this prerogative of his. Perhaps the most unique of these Siût earthenwares is the native "scraper." Its form is generally that of a crocodile with its tail curled round its body, while its head, with preposterously prominent teeth, is inclined upward, and serves the important function of handle. The under side of the slab on which the animal reclines is roughened with scratches made in the wet clay before baking; and the native, when using this odd article, holds the crocodile by the head, and with the serrated surface removes the mud from his feet after walking. Another specialty of the Siût earthenwares are the pipe-bowls, which are made in every size and shape, and greatly prized in Cairo and Constantinople. When in use, these bowls are fixed to wooden stems about a yard long, and for quiet evening smoking on the dahabieh's deck, with the mildest of Turkish tobaccos, are by many preferred to other kinds. But while the pipe involves great trouble to charge, much care is necessary in preventing the bowl capsizing before you can bring the mouth-piece to your mouth, and then it requires two people to light it. The machine is, moreover, so long that it demands both hands, or a table or divan, or something of the kind, to support it.

IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF



GN.—Drawn by Wm. St. J. Harper.

PEACOCK FEATHERS.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

I.

The girls called her Cecil Canary, because she sang so sweetly; but her real name was Cecil Anna Carey. If she had had as many names as a princess, her mother would have called her by them all when she meant to be impressive.

"Now, Cecil Anna Carey," she said, one morning, "you are not to get into any mischief while I am gone."

"No, ma'am," said Cecil, hiding her dimples by puckering up her lips as if about to whistle.

"I don't know how long I shall be gone. It depends on the state of your grandmother's health. But I hope to find everything just as I left it. Do try, my child, to see how well you can behave."

"Mother," cried Cecil, roguishly, "for a year past, every time that I have seen a spotted horse or a shooting-star, I have wished to be a good girl."

"Child, you turn everything into a joke."

"Well, I *do* frivol a good deal," owned Miss Cecil; "but really, mammy, I'll do my best. Don't worry about me. I don't believe that I shall smash or upset things any more than when you are at home."

"Cold comfort that!" said the mother, laughing in spite of herself.

The Carey family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Carey and their one daughter Cecil. She was a host in herself—a fun-loving girl of fifteen, with spirit and vitality enough to go round a baker's dozen of children. Mr. Carey was a stern man, of whom Cecil was not a little in awe; but he was so absent-minded, so absorbed in his business, and so much away from home, that he was hardly a restraint on Cecil's mischief. Mrs. Carey must go, however; her mother was ill, and needed her care. She resigned herself in advance to molasses candy every day, and tidies stuck like envelope flaps to the chair backs; to the friendly attentions of Cecil's school friends, who would dance holes in the parlor carpet, and pluck the buds before they were roses; to dresses torn beyond mending; and to the cat making a nest in her work-basket. But there was one thing she had not anticipated, and that was the thing which came to pass.

It was scarcely a week after the mother left that Cecil and half a dozen of her friends were holding what they called a "Cronies' Confab" in the Carey drawing-room. Lou Witherington had the floor. Lou was a rival of Cecil's in restlessness, and almost ahead of her in planning things to vent the energies of their lively young set. She was in high feather to-day, having new projects under way.

"Girls," she said, "it was the *most fortunate thing* that I had to *rush off* that afternoon to see if our washer-woman could *do up my white organdy* for Sunday. Next door to her I found *an appalling case of destitution*."

By all the girls Lou was thought to use language as brilliantly as a juggler tosses balls. Somehow her talk was like her piano-playing—the italics of the one answering for the loud pedal of the other.

"There was a poor woman," continued Lou, "and *children thick as weeds*, with uncombed locks—"

"Why didn't they comb them?" asked Sally Catterson.

"Why, Sally," cried a more sympathetic listener, "of course because they had no combs."

"Then they might have tied them back with ribbons," murmured Sally, in the spirit of Marie Antoinette. "Why don't they eat cake?" said that queen, when told that her people starved for bread.

"*Ribbons!*" exclaimed Lou; "why, they hadn't a shoe to their feet, nor a stocking; *and nothing in the house to eat except cold bread*."

Murmurs were loud. The climax was too pitiful.

"I saw *that something must be done;* my duty as a confirmed girl required it. But *what?* That was the rub. Suddenly *tableaux* seemed to rise before me. Mamma said that we might have them in her parlors, and they will hold fifty people, and we'll have printed tickets—fifty-cent tickets."

"But *who will buy them?*" cried Sally, with a gasp.

"*Everybody!* especially the *boys;* because, you see, we are not going to let the boys take part."

"Oh! it's to be a girls' affair entirely?" said Ella Gibson, with a slight contempt in her tone.

"*En*tirely! Boys are so rough and *gibing*."

"I don't know how we can do without them in some scenes," said Cecil Carey. "The 'Choice of Paris,' for instance—how can we have Paris without a boy?"

"Lonny will be Paris."

"Lonny! your little brother! Why, he isn't ten years old."

"Don't look so contemptuous, Cecil. I've a brilliant idea. That boy has a perfect *genius* for *walking on stilts*, and I see *no reason* why we shouldn't put him *on stilts*, and then dress him as Paris."

"Are you in earnest?" said Cecil, in a dreadful voice.

"*I am.*"

"It will be perfectly ridiculous."

"It won't be any such thing. And whose tableaux are these, anyhow?"

Lou was getting angry, and Cecil shrugged her shoulders, with nothing more to say.

All the long hours of that afternoon the Cronies' Confab discussed scenes, dresses, pictures, and poems, with as much enthusiasm as if they had had a patent on that quality.

"The 'Choice of Paris,'" said Lou, "*will be one of our prettiest scenes.* I shall be Minerva, with an owl; and Ella shall be Venus, because she has such long yellow hair. Cecil is to be Juno. You must have a peacock, you know, Cecil."

"*A peacock!*"

"Certainly; Juno always had one. It was her emblem, or attendant, or something. You'll be *nothing* without a peacock, Cecil Canary."

Cecil's face fell; she almost felt like crying.

"I tell you what," said Sally Catterson, good-naturedly, "you might trim your dress with peacock feathers: that would do just as well."

"Feathers are as impossible to me as a whole peacock," said Cecil, mournfully.

It was Lou's turn to be contemptuous. "If you don't have *something* peacocky," she cried, "you'll be about as much like Juno as like a *cat*. Cecil Carey in her old white muslin, that's all!"

Cecil was cut to the soul. She could hardly hold up her head. Life would not be worth having unless she could appear as a Juno should. After the girls left, the subject preyed on her to such an extent as almost to take away her appetite for supper. Nothing prevented her having a sleepless night—but that she happened to get sleepy at nine o'clock, and going to bed, happened not to wake until sunrise. But her grievance woke with her.

"There's nothing of a peacock about this house," she thought, as she dejectedly plaited her hair. "I might stand holding that, and brush the flies off the other goddesses."

As she laughed, a wicked little elf of an idea popped into her head. She hurried through her breakfast, and was first in the dining-room; but she was as abstracted through that meal as her father himself. From time to time her blue eyes twinkled toward a corner where something white and sepulchral stood in dignity. This was the feather fly-brush. It was a gorgeous affair. It was not for every-day use by any means. Fresh-cut mulberry leaves were good enough for ordinary occasions; but when Sundays or the minister came, or ladies dropped in to tea, or Cecil had a birthday party, out came its purple glories from their linen shroud. Little Jack waved it over the minister, or the ladies, or the birthday party, with as consequential an air as if he had been the peacock to which it had originally belonged, for even he knew it was the pride of Mrs. Carey's heart. Cecil knew it only too well, and yet it was upon *this* that she proposed to lay sacrilegious hands—as if it had been no more than a bunch of roosters' feathers!

Think of it, children! Doesn't it make your very blood run cold?

II.

Now Cecil Canary, with her sweet voice and her yellow hair and her bright blue eyes, was not a naughty girl; that is, on the whole, she was not. There were times, indeed—well, times when Cecil would have her willful way, nor count the cost. She had a habit of shutting her eyes and shooting, so to speak; of doing a thing, and looking at consequences afterward. Never was temptation more powerful than now. She took the brush to her room, unswathed it from its linen cover, gazed on its purple glories, and felt herself the goddess Juno. Who would dare to criticise with those peacock eyes flashing all about her?

She hardly deliberated before she was lost. She seized her scissors, clipped the thread that bound the shining feathers, and went to work like a young fury. She was skillful with her needle, this rash Cecil, and when her Juno dress was completed, Worth himself could not have felt more satisfaction in a masterpiece.

For a fortnight never were girls busier than all the little maids. There were meetings and discussions without end. There were quarrels even, and sometimes I fear that the lever which had originally moved this small world was forgotten. To provide stockings and hair ribbons for destitute children became less of an object than to shine in mimic glories before the eyes of a giggling audience.

The great night came. Mothers, big brothers, and friends had smiled and bought tickets. A paying crowd assembled. Actually the editor of the *Southern Trumpet* had refused to be a deadhead, and had paid his fifty cents like a little man.

Every scene was vigorously applauded. The "Choice of Paris" seemed only to gain added lustre from the fact that the sweet shepherd of Mount Ida towered to a preternatural height (on stilts), whilst the blushing face of a small boy beamed above the majestic figure. Ella Gibson made a soft, delightful Venus in a long white muslin and a wreath of roses. Lou Witherington looked very wise as Minerva, in a steel-colored poplin, with a stuffed owl perched on her shoulder. But the honors of the scene belonged to Juno—sweet Cecil Canary. Juno, indeed, would have opened her ox-like eyes at such a representation of her classic charms, but the costume was highly satisfactory to the one who wore it. The dress was short and fluffy. A row of shining peacock eyes encircled the skirt. A bunch of long feathers was slung like Diana's arrows across her back, and a saucy little top-knot danced over our Cecil's forehead. Even Minerva was silenced by these glories. Cecil, who wore the costume for the last half of the evening, felt herself on a pinnacle. Such compliments as she had! Three of the biggest boys said that they wished *they* had stood in the place of that grinning little jackanapes Lonny Witherington, and they'd have rolled the golden apple over to Juno in double-quick time. Dear me! our Juno's head was quite turned. She laughed, danced, chattered like a magpie, and felt that innocent glory in being alive which is about the pleasantest feeling we mortals ever know in this vale of tears. Her father called for her at twelve (he had not attended the tableaux), and she went home in a quiver of excitement, too tired to say her prayers or think on her sins.

But next morning came, and Cecil began to look at the consequences she had refused to count. There lay the peacock dress—a rumpled piece of finery, its shining eyes broken and torn. In one corner stood the denuded feather brush—a reproachful long white stick. Her pale face confronted her in the glass as she cried, "What shall I do?"

She tried for a while to restore the brush to its old beauty, but she could not make the long feathers stick, much less do anything with the short ones. Her face had just begun to pucker as if she were trying to keep back the tears, when Aunt Clarissa's black head poked itself into the room.

Aunt Clarissa was the cook. Cecil had taken her into her confidence at the last moment, and when she saw the mournful young lady amid the ruined feathers, she essayed to comfort her.

"Honey," she said, "did you ever hear tell of Aunt Sinii?"

"Never."

"I reckon she's heerd of you. Dar ain't nothin' old Sinii don't know."

"Is she a witch?" asked Cecil, languidly.

"She's *jest dat*. An' she's got de evil-eye. Tell you, she's done harm enough in de county. But dat ain't de p'int."

"What *is* the point?" said the dismal Cecil.

"Why, honey, she keeps pea-fowls."

"Oh!" cried Cecil, with a long breath.

"Yes, Cecy, an' makes feather brushes, de prettiest sort, fur de quality. An' ef I was you, I'd go right to her, an' mebbe she kin make dat brush o' your ma's jest as good as new."

"*Won't* I, though?" said Cecil, jumping to her feet. "Where does she live?"

"'Long de bank o' Big Muddy Creek. It's a right smart walk o' three mile. But, lor! your legs is young," cried Aunt Clarissa, with a ponderous sigh.

Cecil put on her oldest, shortest dress, and as soon as breakfast was over, out she started to find Aunt Sinii. She took with her the fly-brush stick and all that was left of the feathers.

It was a lonely walk through the woods. Now and then a tear tumbled over Cecil's cheek as big as a hickory-nut dropping from a tree. Her burden—that bare stick—grew heavier each moment. I'm afraid a sense of guilt weighed it down. It was a cloudy morning, and the woods were wet. How unlike Juno she felt, as she pushed aside brambles, and stepped over puddles, and made a path for herself through winding ways!

It was noon before the smoke from a tiny mud chimney told her that Aunt Sinii's home was near. It was a little log cabin, with a zigzag fence around it, a pig-pen near the gate, and in the yard—Cecil's heart jumped—two splendid peacocks, their tails outspread, and shining like the throne in an Indian mosque. They shrieked discordantly, but music could have been no sweeter to Cecil Canary.

Aunt Sinii sat spinning in the doorway. She was little and black and long-armed. She reminded Cecil of a spider in her web, as she sat there and peered from behind her wheel. Poor Juno nodded diffidently.

"Are you Aunt Sinii Hubbard?" she said, with her most polite air.

"Who else 'd I be? An' you's Cecil Carey; I've seed you wid yo' ma. What you want wid Sinii?"

"I am in trouble, and I was told you could help me."

"In trouble? Lor! honey, come in an' set down. Now you tell me all about it."

Cecil did not need much encouragement to pour forth the whole story.

"Chillern is de very limbs o' Satan," moralized Aunt Sinii. "On'y think o' yo' playin' yo' po' absen' ma sech a trick! An' she a-settin' de whole universe by dat peacock brush o' hern!"

As Aunt Sinii was a witch, Cecil was not surprised at her knowing this, but she was discouraged at the sharp glances from over the rim of the spinning-wheel.

"I shall be in an awful trouble when she gets home," she remarked, despondently.

"Reckon a little whippin' wouldn't do you a *mite* o' harm;" and she *thought* Aunt Sinii chuckled.

"A *whipping*, indeed! Hold your tongue, if you please. I will go home, and stand whatever comes."

"Sakes alive! honey, don't be so snaptious. I ain't said I *wouldn't* help you. I *kin*, jest 's well 's not."

"Oh, thank you—thank you a million times."

"Thanks is dry as bones in de sun," said Aunt Sinii. "Got nothin' else fur me?"

"I haven't any money," said Cecil, wondering if it would do to get up another entertainment for her own benefit.

"Got nothin' o' value?"

Cecil knitted her brows in thought. "I have my grandmother's gold beads," she said at last; "they are worth forty brushes."

"Dey will do; I'll take 'em," said Aunt Sinii, generously.

"I'll tell you what I *will* do," cried Cecil; "I'll let you keep them until I can pay you for the brush."

"I kin make you a brush," said Aunt Sinii, "as gorgeous as de risin' sun."

"And will you do it—will you?" cried Cecil, her blue eyes sparkling.

"I'd as lieve as not—fur ten dollars."

Cecil uttered a little cry of amazement.

"An' I'll take de beads—I've seed 'em; I knows dey is solid—till you's ready to gimme de money. Den I hands 'em back."

Ten dollars was an awful sum; but here was a present relief, and Cecil closed with her offer.

"When can you let me have it?"

"In a couple o' days, chile."

The sun had come out as she started home, and her heart was light.

Next morning she took the same road again to deliver the beads to Aunt Sinii. They were beautiful, those round golden globes, and Cecil felt a pang as she saw them slipping through the "witch's" lean, withered fingers.

"All right," said Aunt Sinii. "You know whar dey is; I'll put 'em back in yo' han's when you gives me over ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" thought the little maid. "*Ten roc's eggs!* Where will I ever find so much money?"

III.

Mr. Carey pushed up his spectacles. "I declare!" he said; "this is more than we expected." He had just read aloud a letter from his wife, in which she announced that she would be home the next day, and that her mother, much better in health, would accompany her.

"I am so glad!" cried Cecil.

Cecil liked her grandmother, who was a dear old lady, fond of telling stories of the glories of the family. In the excitement of getting ready for her visit, she did not once think of the gold beads. A new peacock brush stood sedately in the corner, and somehow she felt very comfortable. She should have some money Christmas-time, and by dint of a squeeze here and a pinch there she felt sure of getting the required amount some time. But Cecil did not allow for accidents. None of us are apt to.

It was the Sunday after her mother reached home. They were all getting ready for church. Cecil, pretty as a pink in her rose-colored muslin, stepped into her mother's room. Her grandmother, all in gray, with a big prayer-book, and a parasol severely furled, had been waiting half an hour. Mrs. Carey was pinning some new strings to her bonnet; and just to fill up the time—so Cecil thought—the grandmother said,

"Suppose you wear your gold beads, Cecil?"

Cecil gave a start, and turned the color of a fine peony.

"Not that I approve of finery," said the dear old lady, "for it doesn't make so much difference what a girl *wears* so long as her manners and back hair are nice."

Cecil could not but smile. She felt so confident of her manners and her back hair.

"But in wearing a family ornament," continued the grandmother, "there is nothing unbecoming, especially when it is a thing of so much character as the gold bead necklace. Why, my mother had that from *her* mother, and it was given to her on her eighteenth birthday as a reward for saving the whole family, by her presence of mind, from an Indian chieftain who demanded his supper, and meant to have their blood."

Cecil knew this story only too well; but it seemed to her she had never fully appreciated that necklace. Her heart beat like a trip-hammer. She gave herself up for lost.

"Put on the beads, dear," said her mother.

The moment had come. "I haven't them," she said, in a dying voice.

There was an awful pause.

"I *knew* there was something on her mind," said Cecil's mother. "You have lost those beads."

Cecil hung her head.

"Was it at the tableaux?"

"Yes," she cried, with a nervous sob; "but for he tableaux I should have those beads to-day."

I give you my word, dear young people, that Cecil in saying this did not mean to be a wicked little story-teller; she had almost opened her mouth to tell all about the affair, when Mr. Carey came into the room, looking, as usual, as if his thoughts were a thousand miles away.

"Oh, John! John!" cried Mrs. Carey, in tears, "Cecil lost mother's beads at those foolish tableaux."

"What! what! what!" said Mr. Carey, sternly.

"I knew that she would get into some awful mischief," said her mother, "and *you*, John, are to blame for letting her take part in such nonsense, and then not taking care of her properly."

"Why did you not tell me at the time?" asked Mr. Cary, turning to Cecil.

"I *couldn't*," sobbed poor Cecil, feeling that she should choke.

"And so," said her father, gravely, "it is not merely gross carelessness of which you were guilty, but cowardly deceit. I knew you to be willful, heedless, mischievous; but I thought you knew what *honor* meant."

At the tone, so cold, so stern, Cecil burst into an agony of tears.

"I am perfectly upset," moaned the grandmother, untying her bonnet. "I can't go to church to-day."

"Go to your own room, Cecil," said Mr. Carey, "and remain there for the rest of the day."

Cecil fled, and with her face buried in her pillow, cried herself into a blinding headache. To confess now seemed doubly impossible. Her father, who hated deception—what would he say if he knew all? What punishment would be hers? But what should she do? Some dim idea crossed her brain of going to Aunt Sinii and persuading her to say that she found the beads. So one sin was leading on fast to another. But Cecil was growing so reckless and desperate as not to care. Her vanity was humbled by the hard words from her father, and she felt anything was better than to go through such another scene. Poor Cecil! she is dreadfully naughty; but who can help pitying her a little? She appeared so pale and wretched the next day that they all forbore further reproaches; but their kindness seemed to hurt her even more than their harshness. If she only dared tell all! But from day to day that seemed more impossible.

A week passed. Cecil missed her lessons at school, shunned her companions, and at home was no longer the gay bright girl that they all loved so fondly in spite of her faults. It was too heavy a burden for those young shoulders, and no wonder she pined under it.

IV.

Finally something happened. Her father came in one day just as they were ready to sit down to dinner, and walked up to Cecil.

"Come, little girl," he said, brightly, "look up, smile again, get back your roses."

Cecil started as he patted her shoulder.

"What is it, father?"

He tossed a little package on the table. The grandmother seized it. Out tumbled the gold beads!

Cecil turned as white as her linen collar. What—what was the meaning of this? What new terror must she endure?

Mr. Carey rubbed his hands, and seemed to enjoy the delight and amazement of Mrs. Carey and her mother.

"As soon as I knew the beads were gone," he said, "of course I began to look out for them. I heard there were a lot of shiftless darkies at Witherington's the night of the tableaux, so I hired a fellow to keep an eye on our colored population. Last night at the negro church he saw old Sinii Hubbard *with the beads on!* He arrested her on the spot."

"And she is in jail?" asked Cecil, faintly.

"Oh yes, indeed, locked up safely."

"What did she say?"

"Why, I believe she declared that she *found* the beads, and asked to see Cecil," said Mr. Carey, laughing.

Poor Cecil again! In what a dreadful perplexity she found herself now! A sort of numbness paralyzed her brain. It refused to act. Only one thing seemed clear, that she must see Aunt Sinii.

After school she turned her steps toward the jail. What a direction for Cecil Carey's steps to take! A high wall surrounded it. Who knew what horrors lay beyond? She rang the bell, and the jailer's wife came to the gate—a cozy little red-haired woman, whom Cecil had often seen at church. The young girl felt re-assured at sight of her beaming freckled face, and still more by the laughter of her children at play under the very shadow of the grated windows.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Jones," she said, trying to appear at ease. "I should like to see Aunt Sinii."

"Well! well! well! to think that you should come to see the old witch-woman! You're the first, and the last, I reckon."

"I suppose there is no objection?"

"Objection? Bless you, no. Come right in, and see Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones was smoking a comfortable pipe, which he laid aside when Cecil came in. He was a slow man, never taken by surprise; and he only said, as he took down the great bunch of keys, "S'pose you know that you'll have to be locked in?"

"I don't mind," said Cecil, too miserable, in fact, to mind anything. "She won't eat me."

"I reckon pa had better stay in the room with you, miss," said Mrs. Jones; "for they do say she's a witch sho' 'nuff."

"No, no," cried Cecil, blushing deeply; "I'd rather see her alone."

Mrs. Jones wondered in her soul what was up now, but "pa" led the way impassively.

Cecil was in a high state of excitement. She trembled like a leaf as she walked along the narrow corridor. To be a Juno had led to more—far more—than she had looked for.

Aunt Sinii was bundled up in the little cot bed, and looked for all the world like a bug in a rug. The cover was drawn up to her chin, and only her long black head was visible, decorated with a black handkerchief tied in four sharp points. Her black eyes winked and snapped in her little puckered face, and as far as looks went, she was all of a witch.

"Yer's a visitor," announced Mr. Jones.

"Howdy do?" said Aunt Sinii, very chirpily for a prisoner.

Mr. Jones withdrew, and Cecil was locked in with her "victim," as she remorsefully called the old woman.

"Take a cheer," said the victim.

There was but one in the room, a cane chair with no bottom, but Cecil balanced herself on its edges, and cried, "Oh, Aunt Sinii!" in a doleful voice.

Aunt Sinii's withered features blossomed into a smile. Apparently there was something cheerful in Cecil's distress.

"I don't know what to say to you," sobbed Cecil. "Why did you not say at once that I gave you the beads?"

"Humph! I expected a thanky for holdin' my tongue."

"I *do* thank you; I do indeed. I think you are so good and noble for not telling. But oh! I have been so wicked myself that I am just wild with the sorrow of it all."

"Now, honey, don't you worry—"

"To see you here, in prison, and for me—"

"As fur prison," interrupted Aunt Sinii, "dar's many a thing as goes by a bad name as tastes better'n it sounds. Dey makes me comf'table hyer, an' it's been yers an' yers sence I've had my meals so regiler—not sence I lived wid my ol' mars' in Carliny. As fur de beads, of co'se I'll stick to it dat I *found* 'em. An' even if dey convicts me for stealin' 'em"—Cecil shuddered—"why, dey can't do nothin' more'n clap me in jail fur a while."

"But that must not be. It would be an awful crime; worse than anything I've done yet."

"Don't you be foolish, Cecil Carey," growled Aunt Sinii, who had formed her own plan about a good pile of money out of this affair.

"There is this way," said Cecil. "Of course I shall not let you stay in jail and suffer for me; but as the beads were mine, I can persuade father not to prosecute—that's what I think it is called—and you will be released at once."

"An' how 'bout dat ten dollars you owes me?"

"You know I will pay you just as soon as I can."

"An' how much fur holdin' my peace 'bout de whole business? An' how much damages fur dis onrighteous imprisonment?"

"Good gracious, Aunt Sinii! do you think I am made of money?"

"Reckon your pa is. Dat's all de same. Plenty o' ways o' gittin' your han's in his pockets."

Cecil sprang up and looked wildly at Aunt Sinii, who chuckled like the evil old witch she was.

"*Are you proposing to me to steal my papa's money?*" she cried.

"Hi! don't be so airy, Miss Flyout! You ain't none too good, I reckon, wid yo' peacock feathers, an' yo' gold beads, an' yo' miserbul way o' treatin' a frien'less ol' nigger lady like me."

Cecil felt as if she should like to whip the "frien'less ole nigger lady."

"You shall leave the prison to-day," she said, with an effort at dignity. "I will tell all—"

"An' so will I," shrieked Aunt Sinii. "I'll tell on you all over dis town. An' if you don't pay me dat ten dollars, I'll clap you inter jail—I will, I will—"

"What is all this about?" said a grave voice.

They had not heard the key turn in the rusty lock, but there stood Mr. Carey in the doorway, with the jailer behind him.

Some busybody had informed Mr. Carey half an hour before of having seen Cecil walking in the direction of the jail. He had started after her, and had heard Aunt Sinii's last outburst.

"Will you explain, Cecil?"

But she could not. She had given way, after the long strain, and was weeping too convulsively to speak. But Aunt Sinii was equal to the occasion. She let fall the bed-coverings, and with frantic gestures of her skinny arms poured forth the story.

"This is true, Cecil?" said Mr. Carey.

She made an affirmative gesture.

"You must let your prisoner go, Mr. Jones; and as for the fly-brush"—turning to Aunt Sinii—"ten dollars; I don't know. I shall have it valued, and you shall be paid its full value—no more, no less. Now, Mr. Jones, will you send for a carriage?"

Half dazed, Cecil found herself in the carriage, and her father's protecting arm about her. Ah, that tender touch! It was almost more than she could bear. How could she have been so afraid of her father? After she had grown composed, he heard the whole story from her lips.

"My poor little Canary-Bird," he said, softly stroking her hair.

He sent her to her room on reaching home, and himself explained all to the mother and grandmother; so there was no other ordeal in store for our storm-tossed and subdued bird.

Three days later she came to her father with a shy little repentant face.

"Father, you know I was to have a new hat this summer."

"A new hat? Yes."

"Well, won't you take that money and pay Aunt Sinii? I will wear my old one. It will do me good. I *ought* to be punished."

"You *have* been, my daughter," said her father, kissing her; "still, your idea is a good one, and if you like, we will settle it that way."

She *did* wear the old hat all the summer long; but, by way of ornament, she stuck a shining peacock feather into one side. It did not match her dresses, and the girls wondered at it. They never guessed all the significance of that Iris eye to the pretty girl on whose head it danced.

HUNTING IN BURMAH.

People have an idea that there is very little sport to be got in Burmah, whereas the truth is game is far more abundant in that country than anywhere in the East, Assam alone excepted. In India most of the game is followed on foot; but so dense is the undergrowth in Burmah that elephants are necessary not only to beat the game up, but to enable the sportsman to see it; the best shot in the world and the most enthusiastic sportsman might roam the wilds of Burmah for months without elephants, and get shots at a few deer only. The sport would not repay the toil; but with good elephants the case is completely altered.

To get good sport one has to learn the language of the country. Interpreters or go-betweens are of very little use, often more harm than good. Burmese are particularly sensitive. One can do a great deal with them by kindness, but they resent harshness, and, if roughly spoken to, they will oftener mislead than help. Elephants can generally be hired from Burmese in most of the larger towns; but they demand five rupees (about two dollars and a half) a day. One has to provide his own gaddies, gaddelahs, and howdahs; in other words, his own elephant gear. No one, except he had lived a lifetime among the Shans, or Burmese, could shoot out of one of their cane howdahs. The delta of the Irrawaddy is not very good for sport. There are plenty of wild pigs, and the dala'el (hog-deer), and the "thamin" (brow-antlered rusa); but during the rains the country is inundated, and of course animals which are not amphibious can not live in such localities, and migrate elsewhere, and are met with, sometimes in thousands, on an elevated plain. Beyond Pegu, to the north, the country is somewhat higher, and between the Irrawaddy and Sittang lies a range of hills, almost mountains, the highest being some 2700 or 3000 feet in elevation.

This almost unknown district harbors in its midst vast herds of elephants, gaur, wild cattle, rhinoceros, buffaloes, and various kinds of deer, bears, tigers, and panthers. The Yomahs slope toward the Tline to the west, and the Sittang to the east. During the time (from about July to October) the plains are inundated, the game in a great measure confines itself to the hilly region, nor does it migrate largely till after the periodical fires have destroyed the immense undergrowth of the plains and the young grass begins to shoot up.

Shooting off elephants is a knack to be acquired by practice. However good a shot a man may be on foot, when he first mounts an elephant, he won't be able to hit a haystack. After I had had many years' practice, I found I could shoot snipe nearly as well from a howdah as on foot; but at first I felt very awkward, and shot very badly. The shooting in Burmah is very varied, and in beating across country you can never tell what you may come across. In the open *quins*, which are, I think, spaces formerly cultivated, but which have lapsed into waste lands, you will seldom find anything but dala'el, thamin, pig, and occasionally a tiger, but nothing else, as a rule. Of course, now and then elephants and tsine, or wild cattle, are seen feeding in them, the former in some marshy bit, and the latter browsing off the young grass; but it is nearly impossible to get near enough for a shot. On the borders of many of the *quins* are park-like lands studded with trees, and with an undergrowth of coarse grass averaging four to five feet in height. In this lie concealed during the day numerous sambur, and two or three sportsmen advancing in a line on elephants will get many shots.

In India, when you go out for a day's sport, you know generally the exact kind of game you will meet, and you are armed accordingly; but in Burmah one moment you may come across a tiger, soon afterward several varieties of deer, and further on meet buffaloes, bison, and elephants. Thus you must be provided against all contingencies. The best month for sport is undoubtedly May. It is very hot then, and the game lies closer, and it is more plentiful on the plains that month than any other.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Chinaman was tried recently in San Francisco for burglary. The evidence against him was so strong that the prosecution let the case go to the jury without argument. Eleven of the jurors were in favor of conviction. The other juror said that he was opposed to finding the prisoner guilty, because imprisonment was no punishment to a Chinaman. He refused to listen to argument, and the jury returned to the court-room and announced that they could not agree. The judge expressed surprise, and sent them out again. This time the obstinate juror said he knew that the prisoner was guilty, but he would not vote to convict a Chinaman of anything but murder, with the death penalty attached, insisting again that it was a benefit and not a punishment to a Chinaman to be imprisoned. After the jury had returned to the court-room and once more reported their inability to agree, the judge excused the stubborn juryman from further service, and discharged the others until again summoned. Nothing was done concerning the juror's violation of his oath to try the case according to the evidence.

Street-car tickets are the only small change in Galveston, Texas, and there is a loud cry for the nickel and the cent.

"Your face powder is perfect, and for the future I shall use nothing else," writes an actress to an apothecary; and the New Orleans *Picayune* calls attention to the fact that her wants are very few.

The new Boston game of guessing at the number of white beans in a bottle is becoming very popular in some parts of the West. Advertisements of festivals at which the game is to be played usually close with the condition, "Boston parties not allowed to come in."

Approaching San Francisco in a dense fog recently, the ocean steam-ship *Columbia* grounded in the straits, but glided off into deep water. It was discovered that the vessel was leaking badly, and the captain decided to steer for a place where she could be safely beached. Then began an exciting run across the bay, the steam-ship pressing forward under a full head of steam, and a fleet of steam-tugs swarming around to render assistance in case they were needed. Her firemen were working in water waist-deep, and she was gradually sinking, when, amid a chorus of shrieks from all the steam-whistles around, she ran her prow high up on the soft shore.

In an interview concerning the determination of A. T. Stewart & Co. to discontinue business, ex-Judge Hilton spoke of a change that he made in the stores, saying that it gave to the wholesale department "more actual acreage" than was devoted to that branch of the business before. There have not been many dry-goods houses even in the wholesale trade that found the acre the most convenient unit to employ in speaking of the space occupied.

Estimates do not agree as to the amount of the private claims now before Congress. One estimate puts it at nine hundred million dollars—"with several counties to hear from," as the election returns say. It is said that within eight months twelve thousand new war claims have made their appearance, and it is explained that these claims are "for alleged services done and alleged losses suffered by alleged loyal people in the war which closed seventeen years ago."

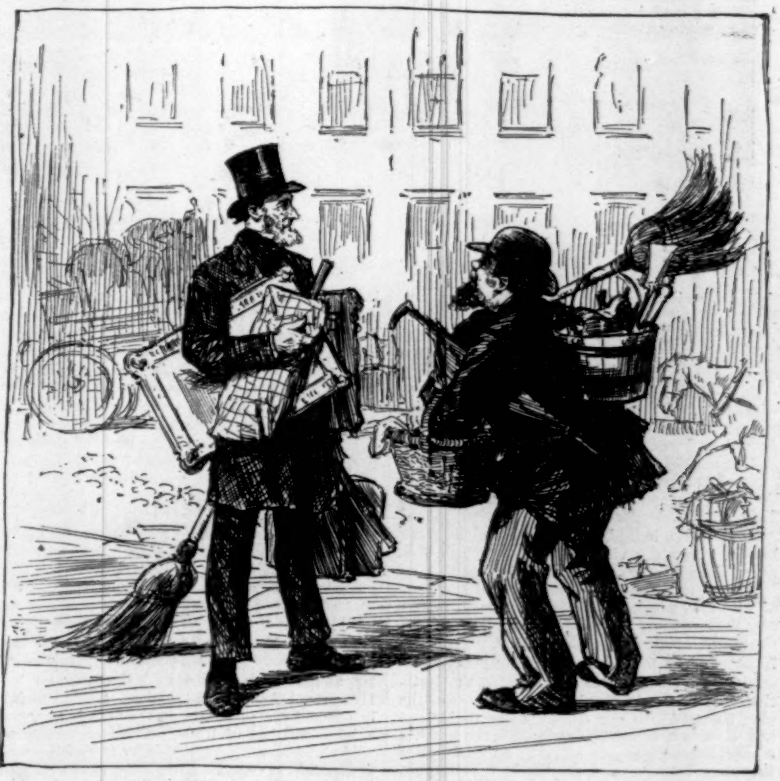
The telegraph operator at a small station beyond Little Rock, Arkansas, telegraphed to the train dispatcher in that city: "I am going up the hill; send a doctor with the switch engine." The dispatcher asked what was the matter, and the reply came, "I am dying; send a doctor." The switch engine, with a physician in the cab, was sent, but the man was dead when he arrived.

In view of the discovery of a mine of explosives under the church in which it is proposed to crown the Czar of Russia, it is suggested that the candidate for coronation may decide to be crowned by proxy.

The ice companies of the Pacific coast have entered into a combination, to hold good for ten years, for controlling the ice trade of that section. It is proposed to at once raise the price of ice from half a cent to two and one-half cents a pound.

The story goes that a man in Florida hired a negro to eat a thousand oranges, saving the seeds for planting. At the end of the first day the colored man abandoned the task, having eaten ninety-three oranges, and being convinced that he could never eat another. The unexplained part of the story is, why the man should have thought it necessary to hire a negro to eat the pulp in order to get the seeds. There would seem to be other ways of getting at them.

The electric storm of the night of April 16 was the severest known for many years. The atmosphere was so charged with electricity that the telegraph companies were able to work long circuits without the use of batteries. This has been done only a few times before. The supply was not constant, but was sufficient to seriously interfere with the working of the wires with batteries, so that transmission was greatly impeded. In Cleveland, Ohio, a clergyman was prostrated in the pulpit, and the condition of the atmosphere consequent upon the electric storm was believed to have caused his prostration. Reports of persons suffering from the state of the atmosphere were made from many parts of the country. The aurora borealis accompanying the electric storm was of remarkable brilliancy.



SENSELESS QUESTIONS.

Mr. Brown. "Going to move?" Mr. Jones. "Yes. Are you?"

MIGRATORY WILD FOWL.

The early Canadian records and those of the American colonies make frequent mention of the vast quantities of migratory wild fowl which actually darkened the air in their annual flight to the south or toward the north. The people of those days welcomed with pleasure the coming of this feathered horde, as affording, particularly in the spring, a longed-for change of diet. In Canada these birds, by an early or retarded flight, were considered an infallible guide as indicative of the severity of the approaching winter or the forerunner of a shorter and more genial season. The phases of the moon as portents of the weather were not more closely studied by the country folk than the migration of the wild fowl. The trumpet-notes of the wild swan and goose, winging their way to the far north, hurried the preparations for the resumption of agricultural activity.

Among the Indians of Hudson Bay the arrival of these migratory fowl on their way to the south was the harvest-time of the year, for they furnished not only food for the coming winter, but raiment as well, the under-garments of these aborigines being made from the downy breasts of the birds. The times are indeed altered. In our day the few straggling flocks which pass across the land in the semi-annual flight seek high altitudes, and struggle on their anxious way under the friendly cover of night. No longer is the resounding note of the wild swan heard in the land, and the timorous honk of the wild-goose sounds faintly from the clouds.

It must be conceded that these birds possess intelligence of a very high order. Within a comparatively few years they have been compelled to discard the traditions of their species—the experience of thousands of generations—and adapt themselves to conditions startling in their changes. Formerly, they pursued the even tenor of their flight from Labrador to Mexico unconscious of danger, which, indeed, was to them almost unknown. Now, the vision of sudden death confronts them at every flutter of their wings.

The tales of aged gunners regarding the swarms of wild fowl which frequented our coasts in former times appear incredible in the light of the experience of the present day. Then, the evening flight of birds toward their feeding grounds resembled the flight of locusts. Free from molestation, they settled in clouds on the surface of the placid waters. In our time, the few timid fowl left to us seek safety by day outside the beaches a considerable distance at sea. At dusk, when they come into the bays, they fly high in the air, peering with alarm at every meadow point. The sound of a falling oar or the bark of a dog sends them scampering over the beach hills back to the shelter of the friendly ocean, and not until the night is well advanced do they dare return.

The readers of Harper's Weekly have had frequent opportunity to inform themselves on the subject of the various devices in use to tempt wild fowl within gunshot. They know of the decoy both alive and dead, the lantern, the battery, the dusking of ducks, and many others. It may appear a slur upon our national reputation as inventors, but, after all, we are in this direction far behind the "effete monarchists" of Europe. It may prove of interest to our gunners to show wherein we are inferior to these Europeans.

In France, in addition to all the devices of which we avail ourselves, they have impressed a modification of the discarded "hoop-skirt" into the service. A Frenchman when he goes duck-shooting takes one of these garments, and by means of straps fastens it to his shoulders. On the tapes and wires he sews sedge-grass and bushes. When his armor is complete he is entirely concealed, and resembles a tuft of verdure. Thus disguised, he creeps upon the ducks, which alight in the rivers and ponds, and shoots them down at his convenience. Wild-ducks under this discipline have become rare in France.

The Scandinavians and Laplanders in the novelty of their devices are far in advance of the Frenchmen, although to the credit of the latter it must be said that the following method of circumventing wild fowl is not practiced by them. In the dialect of the former country this is called the "Skjut-ko." It consists of canvas stretched on a frame made to resemble a cow. This is properly painted, and when ready for service, the hunter conceals himself therein. His gun projects through one of the horns. The apparatus is carried, so to speak, on the back of the gunner, whose legs take the place of the hinder ones of the animal. He is consequently obliged to advance in a stooping position, which entails great fatigue, hence his progress is necessarily slow. Thus disguised, he approaches the birds, which, accustomed to cattle, allow him to approach within close distance. In the light of experience gained with our water-fowl, it may be imagined that after a few trials of this machine the ducks would shun a cow with the same promptness with which they avoid a human being. There is a legend that a certain sportsman in this country adopted this device to kill plover on the Hempstead (Long Island) plains. He successfully adopted the plan, and on the first day bagged a large number of birds, which had become so wild as to be unapproachable by any of the usual methods in vogue. Everything went well with him through the earlier portion of the day, but in the afternoon he unexpectedly came to grief through the very perfectness of his disguise. Toward evening he unawares entered a field in which a considerable herd of cattle was pastured. He was so busily occupied as not to notice the uneasy movements of the herd. Before long, however, he was aroused from his abstraction by hearing a trampling of feet and a tremendous roar. He worked himself around, and, to his dismay, discovered that he was being charged upon by the cattle, led by a ferocious brindle bull. There was no time for delay. Our gunner made a desperate break for the nearest fence. He reached and was about to scale it when the bull was upon him. There was a crash. The gunner tumbled over on one side with the forward end of his cow, while the rear portion remained in the possession of the bull, who was so startled at his fragmentary triumph and the mockery of things that he turned tail and bolted. This story was told the writer by the hero of the adventure; but as he was one of those men noted for never having told a lie, it will be well to be suspicious of the accuracy of his statement.

The "Lintu-Lauta" is another Laplander trap for ducks. This consists of a floating raft with slender stanchions at each of the four corners. To these is attached a wire, depending from which are horse-hair loops. The machine is moored in open holes in the ice, and baited with the roots and leaves of aquatic plants. The birds swim to it, entangle themselves in the snares, and are quickly strangled.

One can hardly fancy that wild-geese can be snared, but a modification of the above device is employed in Lapland for the purpose. It is constructed on a point of land close to the edge of the water. Stakes are driven into the ground at suitable distances, to the top of these a stout wire is fastened extending entirely around the inclosure, a few inches from the ground. Lateral wings are built out on either side to lead the geese to the trap, which is baited with grain. At intervals of a few feet openings are left, across which is hung a loop made of very small wire. The birds follow the main wire until they reach one of these doorways. They must necessarily thrust their necks into the snare, which closes upon them all the more quickly in proportion to their struggles. Thousands of geese are annually taken in this fashion.

The common steel trap, such as is used to take musk-rats, is also employed by the Laplander to capture ducks. A number of these are sunk in open holes in the ice, and baited with aquatic plants. The fowl in diving, and in their efforts to secure the bait, spring the trap and are caught by the neck.

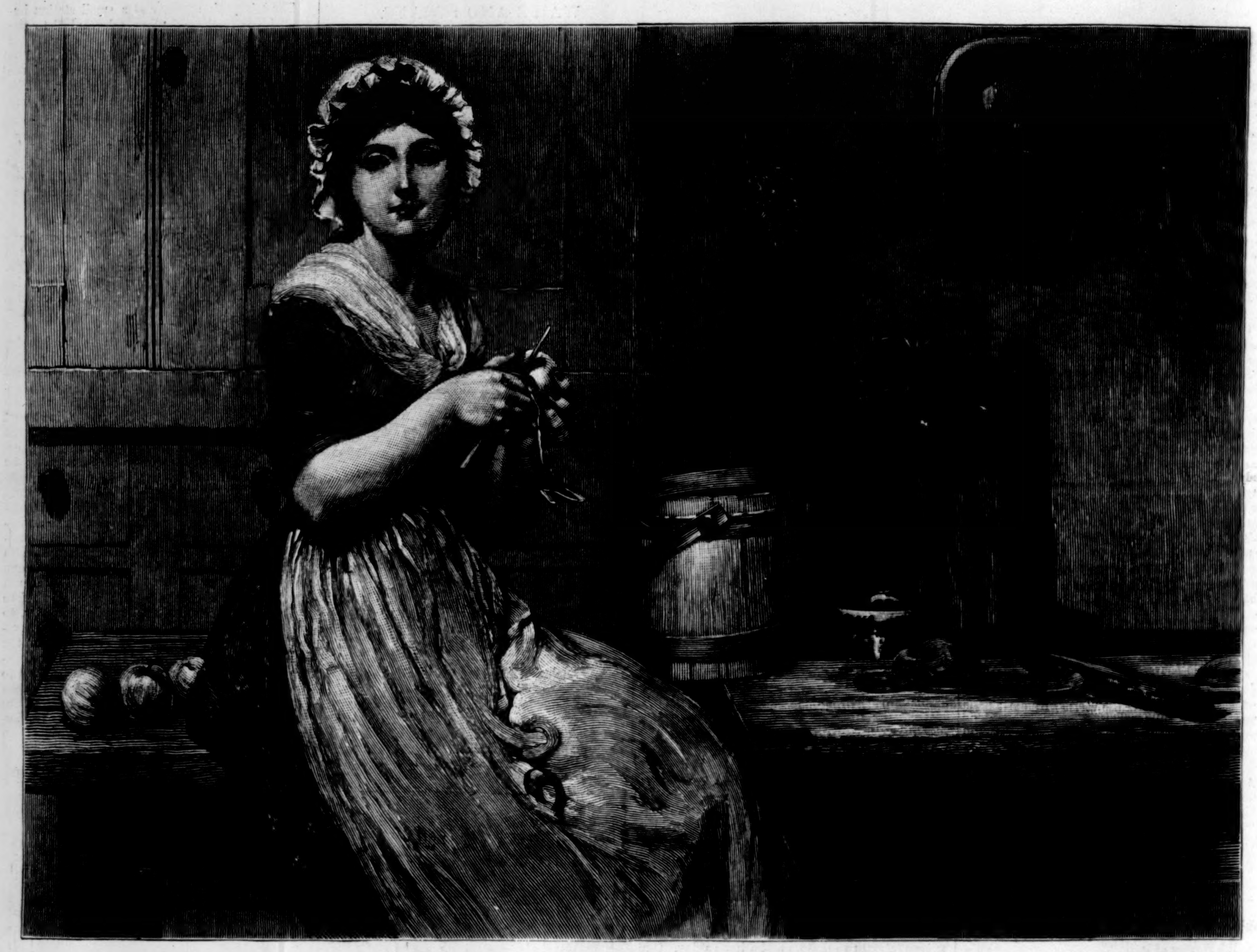
The netting of ducks is also extensively practiced in these Northern countries. Their nets are very complicated, but so effective as to capture an entire flock at one setting. They are operated by a man concealed near at hand, but are only available against those birds which fly low to the water, such as the eider-duck, "old squaw," called there the "herald," and occasionally the widgeon.

The "Wakar" is another machine used by these people. This consists of a square frame traversed by strong cords running from side to side and end to end, forming squares. In each square is set a horse-hair loop. The frame is weighted, and sunk to the bottom in holes cut in the ice corresponding to the exact size of the machine, consequently the ducks when they dive must necessarily encounter the snares, in which they become entangled. The frame is lifted and set several times during the day. Great numbers of fowl are captured by this device, which is considered the most deadly employed.

Apart from all these traps, the Scandinavians and Laplanders employ all the methods in use with us, with the exception of the battery. This omission is remarkable, for the variety of wild fowl most plentiful with them are those which, by their habits of feeding and methods of flight, are the most amenable to that form of shooting.

We have imported from Scandinavia the system of nets there in use for the deep-sea netting of cod-fish. The result of this will be that these fish now so moderate in price will soon be as dear and scarce as are all other varieties. Fortunately these Northern duck traps are not available for the capture of our wild fowl, otherwise they would long since have been put to use by the natives of that country settled among us.

Gaston Fay.

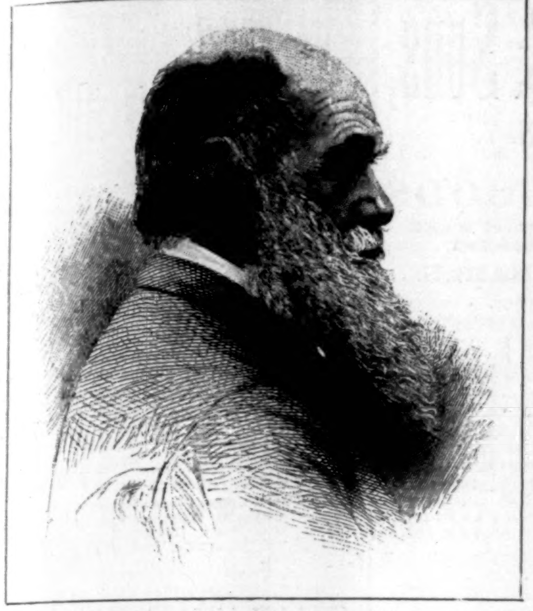


"APPLE-DUMPLINGS."—From the Painting by G. D. Leslie.

THE NEW COLUMBIA PROFESSOR.

Professor Thomas Randolph Price, M.A., LL.D., recently elected to the chair of English in Columbia College, was born in 1839 at Richmond, Virginia, and belongs to one of the best-known families in the Old Dominion. He received his preparation for college in his native city, at the once famous school conducted by Dr. Socrates Maupin, afterward Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia. At the age of seventeen young Price entered that university, and two years later graduated, with its highest honor, Master of Arts, along with Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, and other men who have since made their mark in the learned professions.

Among his professors at the university was the great Hellenist Dr. B. L. Gildersleeve (now Professor of Greek at the Johns Hopkins University), then fresh from his triumphs in the German universities. Under his teaching was speedily



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

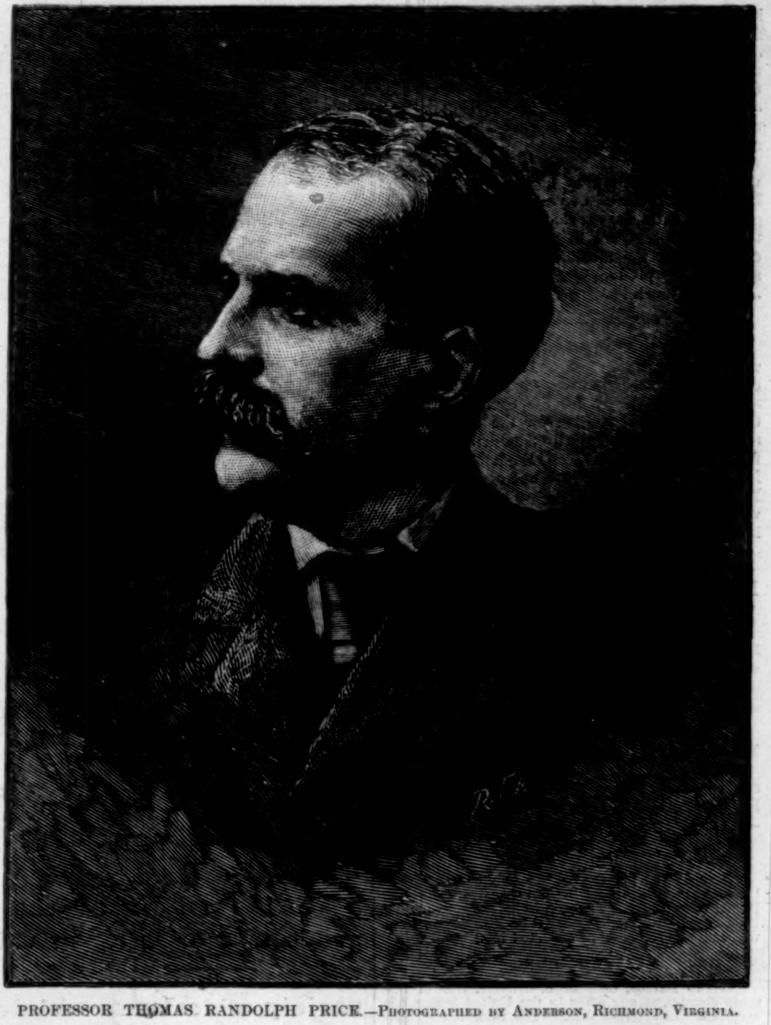
kindled in the young student that enthusiasm for linguistic study destined to shape his future career. Fortunately Mr. Price's father was a man of large wealth, and could readily afford that his brilliant son should enjoy all the advantages offered by extensive travel and the severe training of the best foreign universities.

In the autumn of 1858, Mr. Price entered the University of Berlin. Its philological faculty comprised at that time some of the greatest scholars of the father-land, and the enthusiastic young American began his life's work under Haupt in Latin, Boekh in Greek, Bopp and Steinthal in Sanskrit and comparative grammar, living the while in the family of Benary, who as a practical Latinist was counted one of the foremost scholars of his time.

After studying about two years at Berlin, Mr. Price transferred his residence to the University of Kiel, attracted thither by the growing reputation of Georg Curtius. Sixteen years later, when Mr. Price was a candidate for the Greek chair in the University of Virginia, one of the strongest and heartiest testimonials as to his eminent fitness for the position came from his old master, who had migrated from Kiel to Leipsic. After studying under Curtius, acquiring meanwhile an easy familiarity with Platt-Deutsch (of prime importance in the scientific study of English), Mr. Price set out on his travels. Six months of this time he spent in Greece, where he joined the Prussian corps of archæologists directed by Ernst Curtius, the well-known historian of ancient Hellas. While in Greece, Mr. Price, with his aptitude for languages, quickly acquired the Romaic, but, eager to resume his studies, he contented himself with a tour through Italy, and in the autumn of 1861 settled himself in Paris at the Sorbonne. Here he remained not quite a year.

Fully equipped for the profession of teaching, to which he had resolved to devote himself, Mr. Price now returned to America, and in the autumn of 1865 opened a preparatory school for boys in Richmond. Even at that early day it was known to his friends that he was pushing forward vigorously his studies in English philology, carrying into his work in this comparatively new field the sound philological methods learned under the great masters of the classic tongues. From his school he was soon called to the chair of Greek and Early English at Randolph-Macon College in Virginia, whither his rising reputation as a skillful practical teacher as well as an accomplished scholar attracted the greatest number of students ever gathered within those venerable walls. In 1876, Dr. Gildersleeve was called to the Johns Hopkins University, and on his recommendation, Professor Price was unanimously chosen his successor as professor of Greek at the University of Virginia. There he has steadily added to his great reputation as a teacher, and the scholars of Virginia, without dissent, lament the loss which his removal to Columbia entails upon the higher education of that State.

Professor Price is master of a pure and vigorous English style, as is shown by his published papers, and Columbia is to be congratulated on having secured a scholar of such broad culture and thorough philological training for the important chair of English.



PROFESSOR THOMAS RANDOLPH PRICE.—Photographed by Anderson, Richmond, Virginia.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN.

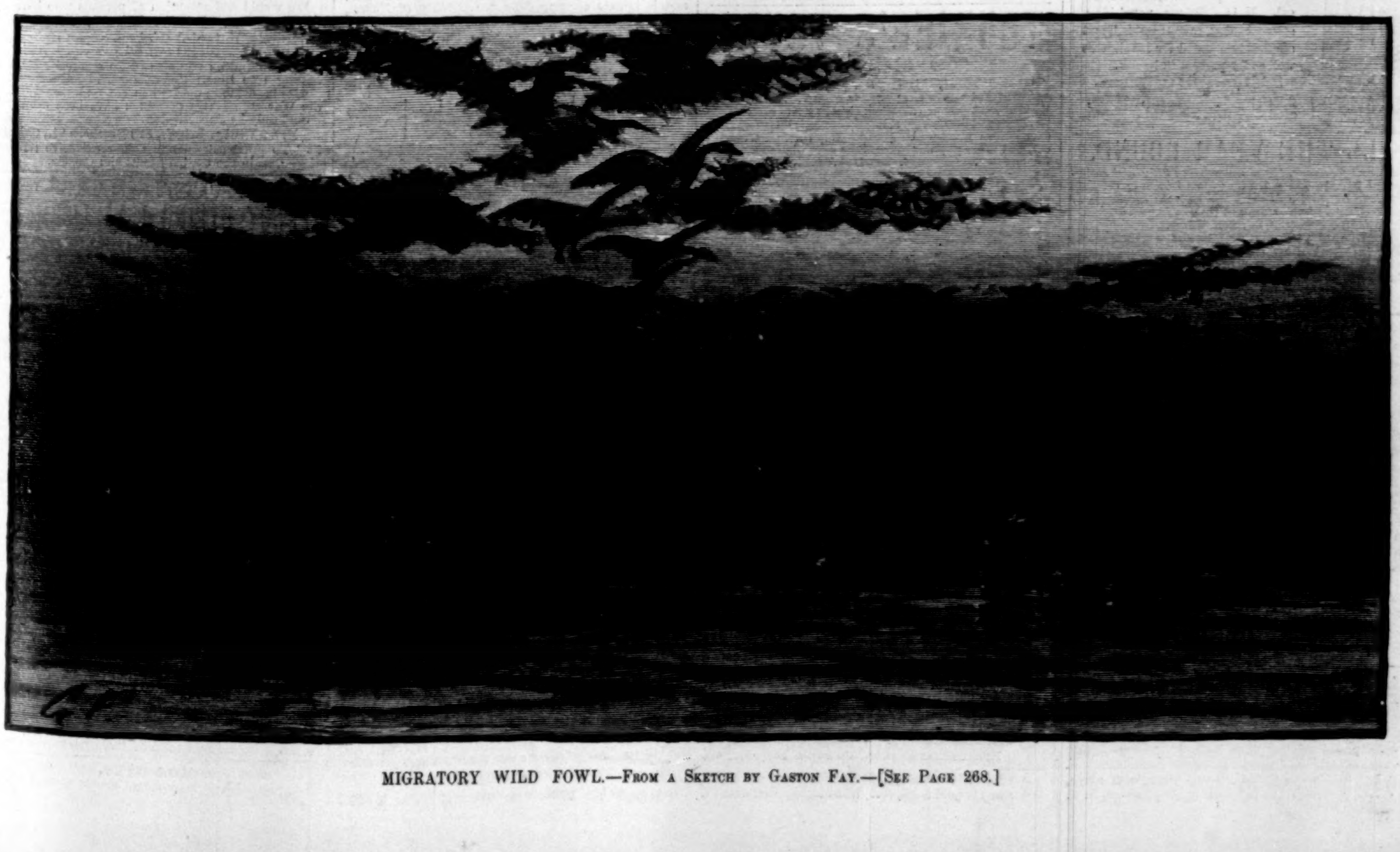
This renowned naturalist, whose theory respecting the origin of man has been the occasion of so much animated controversy, died on Thursday, April 20, at his residence, Down House, near Orpington, England. He was the son of Robert Waring Darwin, and was born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809. Mr. Darwin was educated first at Shrewsbury School under Dr. Butler, afterward Bishop of Lichfield; he went to the University of Edinburgh in 1825, remained there two years, and was next entered at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. His hereditary aptitude for the study of natural science must have been early perceived by his instructors. The Rev. Mr. Henslow, Professor of Botany at Cambridge, recommended him, therefore, to Captain Fitzroy and the Lords of the Admiralty in 1831, when a naturalist was to be chosen to accompany the second surveying expedition of H.M.S. *Beagle* in the Southern seas.

The first expedition, that of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, 1826 to 1830, had explored the coasts of Patagonia; the *Beagle*, which sailed again December 27, 1831, and returned to England October 22, 1836, made a scientific circumnavigation of the globe. Its main object was, by a continuous series of chronometrical measurements, to procure a complete chain of meridian distances; there were also important magnetic observations; but the zoology, botany, and geology of the different countries visited were examined by Mr. Darwin. He served without salary, and partly paid his own expenses, on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his collections.

Mr. Darwin discovered in South America three new genera of extinct animals. The president of the Geological Society declared that his voyage was one of the most important events for that science that had occurred for many years. To the general reader few books of travel can be more attractive than Mr. Darwin's *Journal* of this expedition, which he first published in 1839, and which has since gone through many editions. A delightful book for young readers has been compiled from his *Journal*, and published, with many illustrations, by Harper & Brothers.

Since the voyage of the *Beagle*, we believe, Mr. Darwin has not personally engaged in any distant explorations. He has resided during many years past in Kent, having married his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, by whom he has a large family. The honors of several British and foreign scientific societies have been conferred upon him—the Royal medal and Copley medal by the Royal Society, the Wollaston medal by the Geological Society—and he has been created, by the King of Prussia, Knight of the Order of Merit. He has frequently contributed to the transactions of the Geological, the Zoological, the Linnæan, and other botanical societies, and his treatise on the Cirripedia, published by the Ray Society, is one of his works held in much esteem. Botanists have appreciated his observations of the habits of climbing plants, and his very interesting book, published in 1862, upon the methods by which the fertilization of orchids is effected through the agency of certain insects. Mr. Darwin's reputation is thus independent of the philosophical theory which he propounds in his essay "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection." That bold and ingenious essay, which first appeared in 1859, has been printed by tens of thousands of copies, and translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other European languages.

This is not the place to enter upon the discussion of a subject which has excited the most bitter controversy in scientific circles; but we may state that the great objection to the Darwinian theory is the want of that direct evidence of facts in its support which would surely be forthcoming if it were true. Geology bears record, in its fossils, of the existence during thousands of past centuries of many species now extinct; but we do not learn from the geologists that they



MIGRATORY WILD FOWL.—From a Sketch by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 268.]

have detected any one species in the act of transforming itself into any other. Within the range even of human observation of some living creatures, it might have been expected that, seeing the rapidity of their generations succeeding each other, short-lived as they are, we should find some recorded instances of such mutation. But the animals that old Egypt worshipped and those of which we read in old ÆSOP's fables were such as we now meet. Allowing, however, the lapse of hundreds of millions of years, antecedent to all geological dates, for the change from the simplest to the most complete living form, it is scarcely credible that the modification of a vegetating structure has produced in animals such an organ as the eye, much less the brain.

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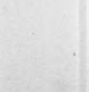

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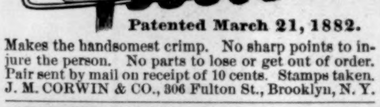

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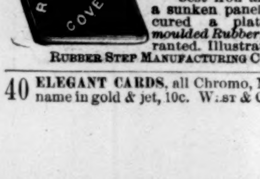

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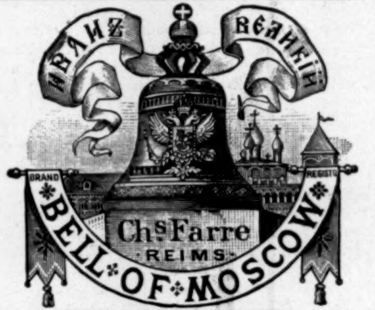

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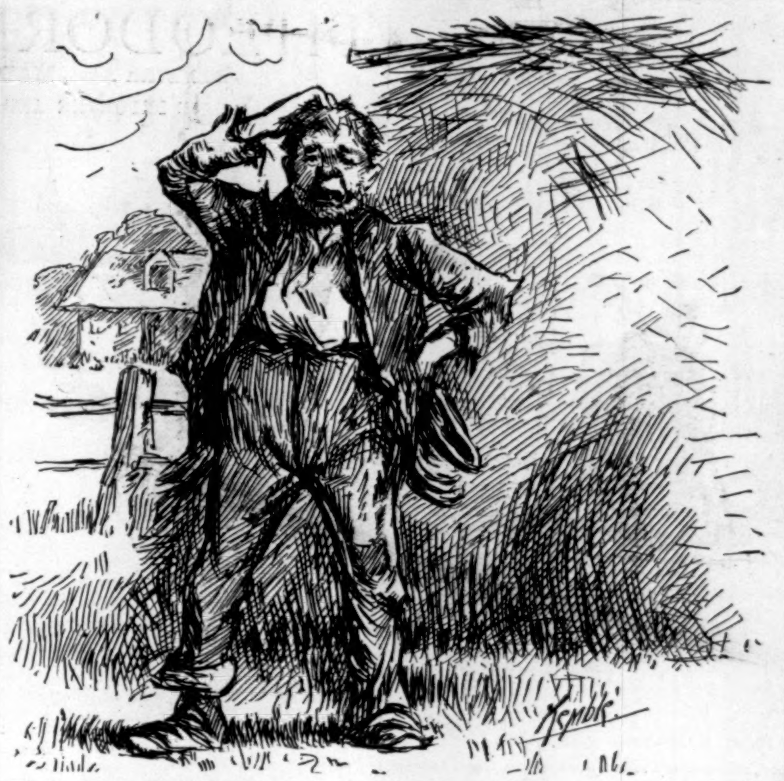

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